

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 992.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1925.

TWOPENCE

DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA



£1925
'BULLETS'
HOLIDAY
PRIZES
See page 35

500 Prizes for
CROSS-WORDS
— See page 34

Sensational Secrets of Society by the World's Greatest Detective

Good Health!

Almost everyone can have good health, and keep it, if they will only pay more attention to their food—especially bread; for this must be good, wholesome and nourishing. It is best to eat "Bermaline," for this is ideal bread—sound, strength-giving food—and economical, too. There's no waste with "Bermaline"—it's all nourishment, every crumb of it.

Your Baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily. For name of nearest "Bermaline" Baker, write to Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow.



"Bermaline" Bread



BARGAIN BEDDING BALE

World's Finest
Value. 1 pr All-
Wool Blankets;
1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets;
2 White Pillow Cases;
1 White Bolster Case;
1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Love's
Wadded Quilt. All double
bed size. 84 x 10 x 6
Terms to approved orders—20%
now, balance 10% monthly.
Catalogue Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES & L. SHEPHERD

10%
NOW

Hair-Growing Discovery.

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 G.H.) London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER



JU-JU'S LUCK

IS BECOMING A BY-WORD. It is an amazing magnet of good fortune. Do not despise Ju-Ju's help. This famous Nigerian God of luck almost compels success. Here is proof from actual letters:

"It is the luckiest I have had." E. L., Glasgow.

"It gave me a lot of luck to-day." B. T., Chiswick.

"The weather has been lucky ever since." H. S., Kensington.

"It has proved a true friend to me." C. M., Edinburgh.

Say good-bye to ill-fortune. Wear Ju-Ju and win Fortune's smile. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

Wearing Silver, 5/-; gold, 10/-; rose gold, 15/-.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamages, London.

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Fire Fiend Busy Again!

Heavy loss in Readers' Homes

JOHN BULL to the rescue!

BLACKENED walls, ruined furniture, precious possessions licked up by the hungry flames, tales of privation and hardship. . . The Fire Fiend has done its worst! Fire comes like a thief in the night when

you are least expecting it. You can't prevent it, but you can protect yourself against the dread consequences. Don't risk all when your signature on the forms below will safeguard you against ruin. Sign now.

Just a few of the FIRE BENEFITS PAID this Week

Fire—up to £400

- £125** LONGRIDGE, NR. PRESTON.—Mr. J. WILLACY, Jun., 8, High Street.
- £85** WYMONDHAM, NORFOLK.—B. HUMPHREY, Morley St. Peter.
- £35** READING.—Mrs. E. B. DOWSE, 112, Salisbury Road.
- £20** AUCHINLECK, ABERDEEN.—Mrs. L. FRASER, Barbicost.
- £20** BIRTLEY, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. H. MADISON, 14, McDonnell Terrace (D. 17A), Elizabethville.
- £12** NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. FOSTER, 29, Cullercoats Street, Byker.
- £12** GREENOCK.—J. WILSON, 28, East Shaw Street.
- £10** FENCE HOUSES, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. FORREST, Dunwell House, East Ralston.
- £10** PLEASLEY, NR. MANSFIELD.—F. PARKER, 206, Portland Street, New Houghton.
- £10** LIVERPOOL.—Mr. W. W. FLINT, "Royal Standard," 22, St. Oswalds Street.
- £10** RHONDDA.—Mr. H. PHILLIPS, 28, Clarence Street, Gelli, Ton Pentre.
- £10** DUBLIN.—M. J. CANTWELL, 24, South William Street.
- £10** ROGERSTONE, NR. NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. G. E. BETTERTON, Greenfield House.
- £10** CHOPPINGTON.—Mr. J. W. CROOK, Willow Bank Cottage.
- £10** TOPSHAM.—Mrs. M. STEER, 28, Higher Shapter.
- £10** PILNING, NR. BRISTOL.—Mr. CHAS. BOYE, Rose Cottage, Redwick.

- GLYN NEATH, GLAM.—Mr. T. J. EDWARDS, 2, Crown Terrace.
- BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. E. PRICE, 77, Downham Road, Higher Tramere.
- GORSEINON, GLAM.—Mr. T. A. LLOYD, 9, Prospect Terrace.
- BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. W. HALL, 3, Witton Terrace, Witton Road, Witton.
- ASTLEY, NR. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. DUTTON, 7, Windsor Avenue, Blackmoor.
- GLASGOW.—Mr. A. CURRIE, 42, Riverford Road, Pollokshaws.
- BLACKRIDGE, WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. W. COLQUHOUN, Jardine Place.
- STANSTEAD, ESSEX.—Mr. F. STUBBS, 2, Brooks Cottages, The Common.
- LIVERPOOL.—Mr. R. McCALLUM, 9, Smyrna Road, Bootle.
- LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. G. QUANTRELL, 5, Laburnum Grove, Litherland.
- SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. W. BRISFORD, 27, March Street, Darnall.
- BOLTON.—Mr. W. BROWN, 40, Worcester Street, Halliwell Road.
- MARDY, GLAM.—Mr. B. JAMES, 11, Excelsior Terrace.
- LOWESTOFT.—Mr. A. C. B. HUXE, 55, Norwich Road.
- SELBY.—Mr. J. TINDALL, Osgodby.
- BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Mr. J. BURNS, 13, Collingwood Street, Coundon.
- WALSALL.—Mr. J. DAVILLE, 29, Teddesley Street.
- WANDSWORTH.—Mrs. M. GORING, 46, Ferrier Street.
- SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. C. C. OLLEY, 72, Mowbray Road.
- CARDIFF.—Mr. S. C. JONES, 135, Clive Street, Grangetown.
- MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. SCOTSON, 70, Tamworth Street, Hulme.
- HULL.—Mr. T. W. WALKER, 4, Lily Grove, Greek Street.
- LANCASTER.—Mr. E. F. C. PARKINSON, 108, Aldrens Lane, Skerton.
- HULL.—Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, 41, Central Street, Fountain Road.

- BERMONDSEY.—Mr. G. CONWAY, 91, Drummond Road.
- LINCOLN.—Mr. G. H. TRAVIS, 33, Coningsby Street.
- HALIFAX.—Mrs. G. DYSON, 13, Fair Field, Holdsworth, Nr. Holmfield.
- ST. AUUSTELL.—Mrs. G. GAYDON, Thorney Howe, Bodolain Road.
- COLCHESTER.—Mr. A. E. COLEMAN, Heath Cottage, West Bergholt.
- PONTYPOOL.—Mr. S. I. RICHARDS, 8, Wainfell Avenue.
- TREORCHY, GLAM.—Mr. A. TROTT, 11, Castle Street, Cwmpare.
- WARDLEY COLLIERY, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. WILKINSON, 65, Waggonway Street.
- IPSWICH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. G. WATERS, 29, Alan Road.
- WALTHAMSTOW, E. 17.—Mrs. A. SPENCE, 42, Roma Road.
- ELTHAM, S.E. 9.—Mr. W. H. MOSE, 197, Well Hall Road.
- YEOVIL SOMERSET.—Mr. R. B. ANDREWS, 6, Chants Path, Hendford.
- OKHAMPTON, DEVON.—Mrs. J. NIDLAND, 17, East Street.
- BLACKBURN, LANC.—Mr. R. G. PARKER, 79, Whalley Banks.
- GLASGOW.—Mr. J. McKINNON, 31, St. Mungo Street.
- CHESTER.—Mrs. A. HARWOOD, 13, Talbot Street.
- MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. SAMPSON, 4, Cambrian Street, Bradford Road, Ancoats.
- BRISTON, S.W. 9.—Mrs. E. GARDNER, 33, Knowle Road.
- GREENOCK.—Miss A. LEWIS, 9, Dempster Street.
- FULHAM, S.W. 6.—Mrs. N. B. DAVIS, 5, Swift Street, Munster Road.

Total Benefits now Paid 16,235

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....

in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days' approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/- **W.B. Brien** **COVENTRY**

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER

See What You Get!

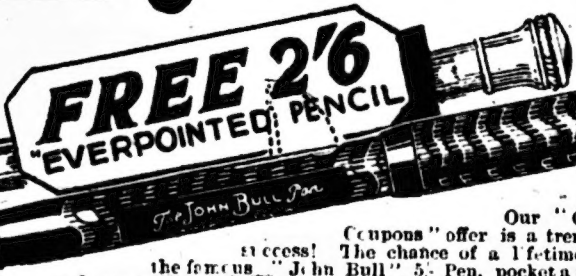
(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills, presented FREE!

PRICE.....5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.



Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A6) **JOHN BULL**

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, of which is presented FREE a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), any dates, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment, thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. & Co. and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium or bold nib required. **AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 1, 1925.**

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2



Choosing a cycle saddle—

Not an easy job, because all leather to the inexperienced looks very much alike. A cycle saddle depends chiefly on the leather for its durability. The finest selection of saddle leather (English Butts) is used in

BROOKS

SADDLES

That's why they outlast all others.

Choose a Style that suits your riding—a Catalogue will help.
J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD.,
92, Criterion Works, Birmingham.

Kiwi
KEE-WEE
WHITE CLEANER
"Makes canvas footwear look like Buckskin."

GRAVES
STYLISH
WRAP-COATS
Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Wraps. All Garments warranted of best make throughout. From 5/- Each Garment distinctive in style and quality. Wraps delivered to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed. Write for Patterns and styles of Wraps, Coats, Robes, &c. Post free per return. State which you require. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



Remove Corns this easy way

Cutting corns or using a so-called corn solvent is useless. You have probably tried and know yourself how the corn always comes back again painful as ever in a week or less. The only satisfactory way to deal with an obstinate corn is to take a Radox Foot Bath once or twice: you can lift the whole corn out with your fingers.

How Radox Removes Corns. When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and

healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

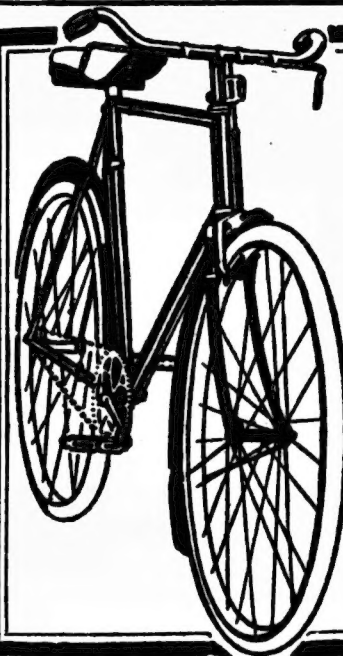
A Radox enthusiast writes:—
"I was in the bath for about 20 to 25 minutes, and when I got out I thought I would see if my two corns would come out. They both came out easily by pulling them with the fingers. My feet are now perfectly comfortable and there is no soreness whatever... it is difficult to tell I ever had a corn on my foot."

On your way home to-night buy a packet of Radox Bath Salts at the chemist's; ask for the pink packet, price 1/6, double quantity, 2/6.

1/6
Half Pound
Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES LTD., 68, DEANS GATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER



WHITELEYS Famous Kildare Club The Cycle with the Everlasting Guarantee

14 days' Free Trial. Write for Price List
"G" Post Free.

Fitted with the Famous
R. A. 3 SPEED GEAR
9/6 DOWN
and 12 payments of 9/6
Cash £5:18:6

SAME MODEL
without SPEED GEAR
9/6 DOWN
and 12 payments of 7/6
Cash £4:17:6

Agents for RALEIGH, JAMES, RUDGE,
SWIFT, HUMBER, B.S.A., etc.
The Pick of the World's Cycles.
WM. WHITELEY, Ltd., Queens Rd., London, W.2



Baby Bainbridge.

HOME PRICES:
1/3 & 3/- per tin
(the larger size the
more economical).
From Chemists and
Stores everywhere.
Ask distinctly for
Germolene.

Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes,
Ulcers, Piles, Itch-
ing, Cuts and Burns,
Skin Eruptions, Ring-
worm, Chapped Hands,
Chilblains, and all
itching or Uricated
Surfaces.

Soothes and Heals

Germolene is unique as a first-aid dressing.

The case of Baby Bainbridge.

Mr. G. Bainbridge, 70, Heath Road, Thornton Heath, near Croydon, writes as follows:—"As the result of a fall from a toy motor, our little boy suffered injuries which tore the skin from his face. Instead of healing, the injury became worse; indeed, it broke out into sores which we were unable to deal with. We tried many remedies usual in such a case; but the trouble became worse rather than better. After three weeks of anxiety, however, we were recommended to use Germolene, and we bought a small box. The result was remarkable. After a week's trial the boy's face was spotless; we only regret that we did not know of Germolene when the accident first occurred, as it would have saved him much suffering."

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

The
last word
in toffee
SHARP'S
Super-Kreem
6d per 1/4 lb

Junocar

AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES.
EXCEPTIONAL OFFER!
BRITAIN'S BEST BABY CAR.
From 1/3 Weekly.



JUNO BABY CAR COMPANY
(Dept D3) 168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.4

Use these Wonderful Cleansers and get these FREE Gifts

These three super cleansers are household necessities, and no home should be without them. They each represent the finest of their class, yet apart from their exceptional merits each bears a FREE GIFT Coupon. You have only to save the Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" and "BRITOLIC" SOAP to obtain beautiful FREE GIFTS, which include Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Handbags, Umbrellas, Boys' Suits, Jewellery and many charming and useful additions to the home, such as Cutlery and Plate, etc.



Only a few Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" and "BRITOLIC" SOAP are required. Start saving them now! Some from each will do—they all count the same value for FREE GIFTS. None of the FREE GIFTS bear any advertising matter whatsoever. They are exactly as sold at the best West End Shops, Stores and Jewellers, etc.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO. LTD., Allied with THE BRITISH OIL AND CAKE MILLS, LTD.



FREE

They all bear NEW-PIN FREE GIFT COUPONS

FREE

ATTRACTIVE KNITTED COSTUMES

Latest Marl patterns, smart designs and latest fashions, stock size, in the following tricolours:—

Brown, White and Fawn.
Black, White and Steel.
Fawn, Beaver and Pot Blue.
Fawn, White and Nigger.
For 163 Coupons. Post free.



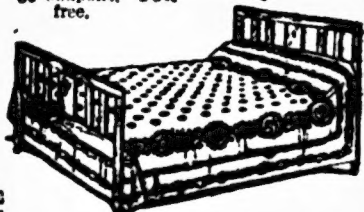
DOLL. Fully dressed Doll, including Shoes and Stockings. Every time she wants anything she says "Mama." All you have to do is just to bend her over to hear her speak. Almost unbreakable. Packed complete in a box for 38 Coupons. Post free.

SILK POCHETTE BAG. A beautiful Moire Silk Pochette Bag, with inside Pocket covered "Ornament" frame. Strongly lined. Bevelled Mirror inset in flap. Very attractive. The latest Paris style. For 55 Coupons. Post free.

This most useful and serviceable Sheffield Steel **BREAD KNIFE**, with Ivory handle. For 25 Coupons. Post free.

BEAUTIFUL SILK BAG. Handsomely fitted. Dainty and ideal for day and evening use. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

SHOPPING BAG. In Suede leather, very strong and useful. An ideal thing for any lady to go shopping with. For 50 Coupons. Post free.



CHARMING BEDSPREAD. Cotton Twill, with coloured design. Suitable for both single and medium-sized double beds. For 100 Coupons. Post free.



SILK JUMPER. Ladies' stock size Art. "Poco" Silk patterned Stockinette Jumper. French design, for indoor or outdoor wear, in the following colours:—Gold, Grey, White, Black, Putty, Almond Green, Saxe Blue, with silk girdle. Fancy edging to Jumper. Same as sold in the best West End shops of London. For 72 Coupons. Post free.

Ladies' and Gent's **PULL OVERS** in Marl patterns. Can be worn all the year round, for indoors and outdoors, assorted designs. For 75 Coupons. Post free.



Handsome **FUR NECK-LET.** Very useful and fashionable. A most wonderful gift. For 100 Coupons. Post free.

A pair of heavily plated **NUT CRACKERS**, very useful for every home. For 18 Coupons. Post free.



DAINTY LEATHER POCHETTE BAG. A very handsome and useful Bag in real leather with centre and back pockets, mirror and purse. For 60 Coupons. Post free.



SUEDE LEATHER HANDBAG. Very strong and useful for everyday use. In Grey or Brown. For 36 Coupons. Post free.



SERVETTES. 6 Damask Serviettes, dined and dined designs. Essential to every household. For 66 Coupons. Post free.

6 Gent's White **HANDKERCHIEFS.** with hemstitched border, packed in a box. Always useful. For 36 Coupons. Post free.

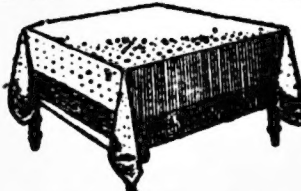
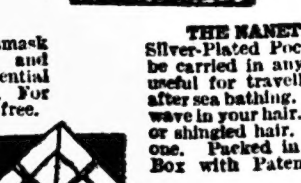


TABLE CLOTH. A very serviceable Damask Tablecloth, dined and dined designs. Large size. Essential to every household. For 60 Coupons. Post free.



LEATHER CASE containing 2 Pencils, Rubber and Self-filling Fountain Pen. An ideal gift for young or old. For 20 Coupons. Post free.



THE NANETTE HAIR CURLER. Patent Silver-Plated Pocket Hair Curler, which can be carried in any handbag or pocket. Very useful for travelling, office, and home, and useful after sea bathing. Will put almost a permanent wave in your hair. The ideal curler for bobbed or shingled hair. No lady should be without one. Packed in a Satin Lined Leatherette Box with Patent Snap. For 48 Coupons. Post free.

This delightful Silver Plated **E. P. N. 8.** (small size) **SALT CELLAR & SPOON.** with Blue hygienic lining. For 8 Coupons. Post free.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO— Save the Coupons from "NEW-PIN" SOAP, "WISK" and "BRITOLIC" SOAP, and send them together with your name and address and details of the present you require written on a sheet of paper to:—
MISS "NEW-PIN," FREE GIFT DEPT., 47, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C. 1.
REMEMBER! You may send Coupons from "New-Pin" Soap, "Wisk" or "Britolic" Soap, or some from each. They all count the same value for FREE GIFTS!

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COMPLETE LIST OF FREE GIFTS.



Keep Smiling

It's perfectly easy—in fact, impossible not to, so long as you've got a **BLACK CAT CIGARETTE** tucked comfortably between your lips.

You'll smile more than ever, when you get this really fine Camera (it's made by the Kodak Company and takes pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$) *free*—just because you know and smoke a good cigarette when you see one. There's a coupon in every packet of

This Camera FREE!

**GUARANTEED
MADE
BY THE
KODAK
COMPANY**

Black Cat

VIRGINIA  CIGARETTES

10 for 6^d

All you've got to do is to collect 200 of them and send them to us—we give you 5 coupons for a start.

Only one of these signed coupons will be accepted.

FILL IN THIS COUPON

To THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.,
(Dept. 8) Gifts Dept., 81, City Road, London, E.C.1

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name

Address



JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which
the Sun never Sets.

Vol. XXXVII. No. 992.
Week ending Saturday,
June 6, 1925. Twopence.

This Week—

Dr. R. J. Campbell	p. 8	The Rt. Hon. Wm. Graham, M.P.	p. 20
A. G. Gardiner	p. 18	Sir Charles Higham	p. 22
Alex. M. Thompson ("Dangle")	p. 18	Viscount Knutsford	p. 22
"A Gentleman with a Duster"	p. 19	Mabel Horner	p. 24

Special Articles by:

And an Enthralling New Series: "Sensational Secrets of Society," page 15.

The WORLD,
the FLESH &
the DEVIL

Looking Ahead.

The Government is "looking boldly to the future as well as the immediate present" in its financial policy, and sees "millions of workers relieved from fears which oppress them and unsettle their minds." The Cabinet must work in rose-coloured spectacles.

We're Tired of Talk.

Really serious attempts are being made to revive the Industrial Parliament. If only half of the work schemes we've suggested were put in operation unemployment would cease.

The Cabinet and France.

A strong section of the Cabinet holds that the time has come to part ways with France. What they don't see is that this implies a thorough revision of the Versailles Treaty. It may come, for all that.

Our Economists.

In 1913 the Civil Service was carried on fairly satisfactorily for £55,000,000 per annum. Today's Estimates are over £160,000,000 and inefficiency increases. It is time taxpayers did some good, hard thinking.

The Board of No-Trade.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining export licences the number of motor-cars sold by this country to Germany since 1921 has been about one-third the number sold by France. But the Board of Trade is just waking up!

Backing the Wrong Horse.

The National Farmers' Union is still looking to Mr. Lloyd George as a great pioneer in land reform. It was the Lloyd George land policy which first checked the building industry. We don't want more of it.

Take Our Suggestion.

This year the first International Congress on Child Welfare will be held in Geneva. The idea is sound. Plans should be formulated for training the new generations in friendly international relationships. Then there'd be a grain of hope for the future.

The Latest Reprieve.

Mr. Baldwin has withdrawn the Bill which, if it had passed into law, would have sounded the death-knell of all experimental research in wireless transmission. It is an example of the power of public opinion—when it is organised.

The New Age.

Motor tonnage on the seas now equals 75 per cent. of the steam tonnage and still the new form of propulsion proceeds. The one thing never tackled is how to provide for the people who are being steadily displaced by the machine. It's a problem for a new Moses.

Who Was He?

A great military display of gunnery is announced for this year, and controversy is raised as to who first made the splendid discovery that "gun-powder could best be used for throwing of balls from tubes." We don't know who he was, but if the disputants search the nethermost hell they may find him.

The Sunshine Trail.

In this week's issue are two new features. One sparkles with hope and sunshine, and the other provides a new and powerful platform for our women readers.

We Want—

Once again the Big Navy boosters are on the warpath. Presently we'll be confronted with a "supplementary estimate" of about £1,500,000. And when the ships are built then the scare-raisers will begin. Already they have up their sleeve "the next enemy."

The Spendthrifts.

In 1919 the War Office bought tanks which were promptly condemned as useless for war purposes, or even training. £267,000 worth scrapped at a stroke of the pen. But it's taxpayers' money, and so of no value—until some optimist proposes better houses, or schools, or something equally useful to life. Then what a shout is raised!

Birmingham Breezes.

Presided over by their woman M.P., working women to the number of one thousand have discussed in the Labour Conference high prices and woman and child welfare. All are voters, representing at least 290,000 other members in the constituencies. The strength is there, but will anything be done?

FIRE FIEND BUSY AGAIN

"John Bull" Pays Hundreds of
Pounds in Benefits this week.

See Page 2.

A Royal Hint.

"Electricity has become a necessity for the million" said the King in opening a new power station at Barking. His Majesty's opinion is ours. When it receives the attention of the Government a fresh impetus to all trades will come.

At the Sign of the Rib o' Beef.

Australian beef, for which breeders get less than 3d. per lb., sells at Smithfield for 4d. and reaches consumers at 10d. to 1s. 4d. Like Nelson, the Food Commissioners held the telescope to their blind eye.

Unclean Meat.

Two months of the new regulations for keeping meat clean have made little difference at the butchers' shops. Windows and muslin covers are still to seek in most neighbourhoods. What is the Health Ministry doing about it?

Cease From Troubling.

De Valera is going back to the teaching of mathematics and the support of a numerous family in the good old way. Europe would be peaceful enough if some dozen or two mock Napoleons would likewise get out of the limelight.

Passenger Runs Amok.

A Manchester to London express had to be pulled up in mid-career to allow of the removal of a raving maniac. In any but a corridor train someone would probably have been murdered. The lesson of this alarming occurrence should not be lost on the authorities.

Our Joyous Freedom.

Photographs of the King and Queen on the Wembley toy railway and Admiral Jellicoe sliding down a toboggan "stupefy" the French press. Briand was thrown out of office by a photograph showing him at golf with Lloyd George. Here we love and respect our great ones the more.

Starving Babies.

That by no possible means could she afford to buy food for the child was the excuse of a woman who left her baby in a train between King's Cross and Peterborough. Future generations reading such stories will conclude that in the twentieth century we were only half civilised.

Train Up a Child.

A Birkenhead girl of sixteen took bets from forty-two children in a business where she acted as bookmaker. The proprietors have been fined. It's a pity that heavy punishment for the parents was not also forthcoming. To traffic in children for betting is scandalous.

Wicked Delay.

Persistent dunning by moneylenders led to the unsoundness of mind that drove William Crowe, of Shoreditch, to seek relief from his worries in death. At the inquest the coroner, Dr. Edwin Smith, declared it time that the question of moneylenders and their ways was seriously dealt with. We agree. Why does the Government hesitate?

Problems of Life.

The Imperishable

by the Rev. R. J.
CAMPBELL, D.D.



A LETTER of an unusual character has been sent to me by a reader of JOHN BULL.

The writer signs himself "One Without Hope," and his trouble is that he has lost the assurance which once possessed him that the soul is immortal and that its good never dies.

He says: "Life used me hardly in my youth; at one time I all but starved; but through it all I had a wonderful sense of serenity. 'I walked with inward glory crowned,' and, like the poet,

*'I felt through all this earthly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.'*

THIS has now left him; and why? Partly because of the influence of able materialists who have succeeded in convincing him that nothing is immortal but matter; and partly because of the privately expressed belief of one whom he describes as "a famous evangelist" that nothing human survives the grave.

This latter confession strikes me as shocking, not on account of its atheism—that one could

respect if it were honest—but on account of the hypocrisy of the speaker. I should like to have the name of that evangelist.

All that lives, lives ever.

Materialists believe this to be true of the stuff of which the universe is made; most men of science would say the same, and many of them go much further.

But why stop at the lowest rung of the ladder?

As Professor James Ward says: "There was little in all the wisest fish could know to justify the belief that there was more scope for existence on the earth than in the water."

NOTHING could have seemed more wildly improbable a few million years ago than the emergence of man on this planet. Yet here he is, and the Power that produced him must be more than equal to the best of its creations.

The real marvel is that we should be here at all, not that we should live on.

Self-consciousness is at least as real as star-dust. If the universe is everlasting, so is the mind that contemplates it.

Souls are surely as indestructible as electrons.

The higher we rise on the spiritual plane, the more certain of this do we become.

A Tragic Truth.

"The nemesis of neglect—homes unfit to live in, unsuitable food, and the misery of crowded slums—means weakened physique and mental and moral depravity." A truth Alderman Law Taylor, its mayor, must continue to preach to Huddersfield, and to other municipalities.

An Invalid Excuse.

Richard B. Hirst, a milk distributor of Peterson Road, Wakefield, has been rightly fined for giving false information as to the wages he paid his employes. His excuse was that one of his men was old, and the other slow owing to rheumatism. He may have acted out of kindness. But if employers can underpay on any kind of excuse the law to protect the employe is useless.

In Fragrant Memory.

Mr. R. A. Jones, of Southend-on-Sea, is dead, but he will not be forgotten. He gave not only a Victory Sports Ground to the town, but a Memorial Recreation Ground also, at a total cost of £300,000. Most gracious act of all, at his own expense he fitted up the elementary schools with gymnasiums and pavilions. Known as the "Children's Friend," no man could wish a better epitaph.

Is This More Muddle-headedness?

Because he mixed up clients' money with his own and lost £4,000, Harry Bailey, a solicitor of Cambridge, has been sent to penal servitude for three years. He is seventy years of age and stated to be suffering from softening of the brain. He has a family, including sons, which suggests some other way of dealing with the old man might have been found. His sentence will not bring back the money to his creditors.

A Lady of Fortune.

Mrs. Jane Holt, a servant of Nottingham, left a fortune of £41,000 by her late master for whom she did daily work, has not found her head turned by her new circumstances. Although within a year of seventy, she "believes in work," and "is not going to be so silly" as to ruin her health by idleness. It is a view of life that young spendthrifts of to-day might take to heart and copy.

Giving Him a Chance.

In prison cells William Holt spent thirty-one of the fifty-five years he has been on earth. When he once more slipped from the straight path it was his great good luck to come before a humane Bench at Preston. Setting him free they encouraged him to make a fresh start in life. The way to save men from penal horrors is to encourage them to have faith in themselves and go straight, as Holt probably will.

Casting Back the Lie.

There was nothing of the won't-works about the three hundred men who descended on the Sheffield Labour Exchange when the Corporation wanted fifty labourers for road work. Though many would have been worse off on the wage than on their combined dole and relief, they struggled hard for the jobs. A pathetic incident, but a fine refutation of the accusations of laziness so often levelled against the workless.

Pension Successes.

Mrs. Blanche Tooley, widow of the late John Tooley, sergeant, No. 1958, Dorsetshire Regiment, was recently recommended for medical treatment for suspected tuberculosis and for dental treatment, which she was totally unable to afford, as her entire income was 6s. a week. Her case was taken up by our Pensions Editor with the Ministry of Pensions, with the result that Mrs. Tooley is now being granted a pension of £1 3s. 4d. a week. She is one amongst a dozen who this week have received notices of increased pensions through the same source, surely a justification of our advice to write to JOHN BULL about it!

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Waif of Fashion.

No clue has been discovered to the identity of "Sonia Desmond," who registered at a London hotel and hanged herself in her bedroom with a piece of pink ribbon. None will ever know what secret bitterness prompted her demented act. The West End has its tragedies as well as the slums.

Municipal Sweating.

A night watchman in the employ of the Hereford City Council complains of his wages. As well he may. For a shift of fourteen hours nightly he receives 5s., his net weekly earnings amounting to £1 3s. 10d. Such outrageous meanness chimes ill with cathedral bells.

A Harsh Eviction.

The fact that the tenant of a Council cottage in Edmond Road, Mitcham, would have no shelter for himself and family if turned out of house and home should have induced the Mitcham Council to stay their hand. It may have been legal to turn the poor fellow into the street, but it was cruel and heartless. A local authority should set an example to private landlords.

Aid for the Blind.

There are 36,000 blind persons in Great Britain the bulk of whom are dependent for a livelihood upon haphazard charity. Apart altogether from party politics, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's view that these unfortunates should be "wards of the whole community" accords with humane and Christian principles. The Government has a clear duty in the matter.

Our Roll of Honour.

On this week's list we place first the name of Marie Clark, a fourteen-year-old girl of Blackburn. When a little boy, playing with a stationary lorry, managed to release the brakes, the vehicle began to career backward down a steep hill towards the highway crowded with traffic. Marie stepped forward, sprang on the step of the oncoming giant, and seizing the steering-wheel managed to turn it aside by crashing it into a garden wall. It was a feat a man might have hesitated to attempt. Undoubtedly a terrible accident was prevented by this little heroine.

A Pathetic Plea.

Pathetic to a degree is the appeal of Mr. A. F. Williams, of Beech Hall Road, Highams Park, E., who asks if any one can inform him of "a cheap sanatorium" for his eleven-year-old boy stricken with tuberculosis. The Health Ministry ought to be able to answer this question. The "Save the Children" gospel should begin at home.

Preventable Suicides.

In a moment of madness, Mrs. Alice Godfrey, of Southwell Grove, Leytonstone, took her own life. Spirits of salt was the fatal drug. Such suicides are the direct responsibility of the Home Office, whose indifference to the lax sale of such poisons passes belief.

Acting on Knowledge.

To find out first-hand the conditions of work-house life, Mrs. Mary Hicks, of the Oldham Board of Guardians, recently became a tramp. She describes her experiences as "dreadful." Unpaid magistrates in some other districts ought to go to jail for a few weeks, to gain inside knowledge of prison life, and to inspire them to temper justice with mercy.

Girls of the Bright Brigade.

While some Girl Guides were walking by the river at Peterborough they saw a lad on a bicycle fall into the water. They rushed to the spot and Margery Neale stepped into the river and held out a stick while the rest made a chain of hands and drew both rescuer and rescued to safety. Prompt action with no thought of self, and JOHN BULL is proud of his British youngsters.

Kidnapped Schoolgirl.

An eleven-year-old Derby schoolgirl, Mary Marshall, was kidnapped near her home, flung into a motor-car, and finally abandoned in a field two miles away. Her assailant got clean away. The mere chance that the child was not murdered should not lessen the determination of the police to bring the scoundrel to justice.

Do what you like during the week—but read "The People" on Sunday.

Pestered for Prettiness.

From Norwich comes the news that smart young Mormons have invaded that city in search of attractive girls for "sealed wives." The men have a plausible tongue, and the missionaries make a point of talking smoothly to the poorer families—those who are most likely to feel the pinch of circumstances. The parents of pretty girls in Norwich should know how to deal with the matter. A word to the police should suffice.

Prison Useless.

When Joseph D. Freeman, of Northampton, a young man of twenty-seven, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for rick-firing, it was stated he committed the act to get into jail, which he found more comfortable than tramping. The case is a proof of our contention that present prison conditions are not reformatory. Some method of teaching anti-social beings how to become good citizens is needed. Prison work should be real. Now it's mere make-believe.

Two Parents Needed.

A frail, white-faced young servant, said to be married, went weeping from the dock at Cambridge assizes to nine months' imprisonment in the second division for concealing the birth of her child. Mr. Justice Ivory spoke to the poor girl in severe tones. It would please us better if, in all such cases, judges insisted that both parents of unwanted children stood side by side to hear the lectures and share the sentences.

It's the Children who Suffer.

James William Baker, of Thornton Heath, took another man's wife to cohabit with him while his own wife still lived in the house. Police proceedings were necessary before the matter was adjusted and decision made as to which parents should have which children. If wonder exists how young criminals come into being, here is one possible explanation. With such parents, and such morality, what other result can we expect? If children from such "homes" turn out well, it is a miracle.

A Lenient Bench.

The Burslem Bench has apparently a kind feeling for fathers. They had before them a collier, named Thomas Leese, who thrashed his little girl with the buckle end of a strap. The doctor's evidence was that this savage treatment left a rectangular scar beside severe bruises. Leese was fined £5 and soothingly told that the justices would have been much harsher had they not believed that the defendant loved the child but lost his temper. It is all very well for a father to dissemble his love, but it is intolerable that he should be allowed to use the buckle-end of a strap.

Six Months Useless.

A busy life of crime is exemplified by Nancy Singleton, of Cleveland, aged but thirty-two. She is convicted of theft, but known to be an arrant baby farmer. She lives with man after man, defrauds women of their savings and tradesmen of their goods, and all the time succeeds in getting a constant stream of babies—if their mothers can pay—through her hands. Prison to such a creature is merely a period of time to think out fresh iniquities. She would form an excellent subject for new methods of criminal treatment. Released, she will be a constant menace to society.

Gloomy Littlehampton.

The people of Littlehampton may play golf on Sunday and they may go to the public-houses on Sunday. But they may not go to the cinemas on Sunday. That is the decision of the local Bench, who listened respectfully to the Rev. Albert Snashall objecting to Sunday cinemas because where there was darkness there was ill-health. We gather that the cinemas are usually darkened on week-days as well as on Sundays, though the Rev. Albert is not quite courageous enough to protest against that. It is really amazing that people will put up with this sort of thing in these enlightened days.

Lubbock Again.

People who are advertising that they want capital are getting money-lending circulars from Mr. A. Hicks, 1, West Cromwell Road, Earl's Court. Hicks is associated with the notorious Lubbock, and he is asking, as usual, for a fee for enquiries. We hope that this will prevent him from getting fees from people in difficulties.

Blundell's Bunkum.

We are still receiving complaints with regard to the activities of that very enterprising firm, John Blundell, Ltd., of 60/62, City Road, London, E.C., some travellers of which employ unsatisfactory methods in getting orders for goods people do not really want. We advise our readers to use the utmost caution when agents of this firm are trying to dump goods upon them which they have not ordered, and pester for payment.

The Night Club King.

At last, after repeated exposures in this journal, the notorious New Avenue Club, in Ham Yard, Piccadilly, has been struck off the register, and the premises disqualified for a period of five years. Its rascally promoter, Frederick Ford, has just been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling drink there without a licence, which means—as he is already serving a term of three months for a similar offence committed elsewhere—that he has got to do four months in all.

Our Suggestion.

William John Hennessey, of Brockley, is a good-looking, well-bred, well-educated youth who goes from Borstal to penal servitude. Though carefully reared, he preferred living by his wits, and robbed trains, stations and hotels, opened accounts with stolen cheques, and took bags from ladies worshipping in church. Drastic punishment is useless. When will our courts employ the services of trained psychologists? Only by so doing will youthful crime be checked. We are behind other countries in this matter.

It's Meanness Personified.

George Johnson, a man of forty-two, has been sent to six months' hard labour for trying to steal parcels from young messenger girls by directing them to a "receiving office" where a confederate waited to receive and sign for the goods. It says much for two of the girls that they were too smart for him, but what of his wife and family whom he pleaded were sick and desperate? They will be better without a "head" who "provides" for them by such tricks.

A Sixth Sense.

Many foolish women in Liverpool have been humbugged by the fortune-telling "sixth sense" widow, Olga Holmes, who has impudently carried on at Bold Street as "Madame Zaza." The members of the Women's Police Patrol are not amongst the foolish ones, as Olga has found out at a cost of £20. Liverpool means to clear out such frauds.

Quarterly Dividends.

The unctuous William Taverner is still bullying the investors in Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., and National House Purchase, Ltd. He writes to one of them—"When I give you a good scolding it is because you deserve it, and it is for your own good." He adds that a would-be suicide often has hard thoughts against his rescuer. Taverner describing himself as a rescuer is extremely good. He is really a professional and pious plunderer, and those who can should keep out of his clutches. Those who are in them should break away at once, and at all costs.

Iles and Wiles.

The Traders' Institute, manufacturers, publishers and printers, 7, St. Stephen's Avenue, Bristol, sounds like a rather important affair. It is really an enterprising gentleman, named F. Iles, who for years has been pushing mail order schemes and charging fees for information which he says will enable unemployed people to earn a good deal of money. We do not advise our readers to accept his plausible suggestions. We have had too many complaints from those who found them a poor exchange for the money with which they parted.

Black and White.

"Hoping will be very much astonished such a letter from an unknown friend in the Gold Coast I had some newspaper in which I came across many names and addresses. But your enchanted me most so I take you as my best friend to with you a hearty correspondence from time to time I was about to send you Ostrich feathers Monkey skins Native comb, etc. If your address is quite right. Please replying send me Sweater, one pocket watch and one handkerchiefs, anything fit for use." The above is a letter sent by a nigger on the Gold Coast to a perfect stranger in this country. Can anybody be so foolish as to send these cadging mendicants what they so insolently ask for?

The Human Machine.

The Living Mechanism

By

E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ALTHOUGH I have called this series "The Human Machine," and am constantly referring to the mind as a machine, this does not contain the whole truth.

There is one important side of man that marks him out very definitely from the mere machine. Perfect it how you may, you cannot endow a machine with the power of initiative, nor can you give it a sense of personal responsibility.



There is not a single human being who does not believe in these attributes of initiative and responsibility. The whole edifice of the law rests upon the assumption that normal people are responsible for their actions.

If a man wants a job he does not wait patiently until the mechanism of natural forces picks him up and puts him in the job he wants. He gets busy

and goes after the job. He is firmly convinced of the value of personal initiative, and believes that activity and energy will get him further than idleness.

We will leave the philosophers to argue whether or not there is such a thing as "free will." The facts of experience point to man's freedom of will just as surely as they demonstrate that there is a law of gravity.

Admittedly, we cannot explain it. But neither can we explain gravity. We have just got to accept facts.

It is certainly a safe rule of life to believe that we are in a position to choose what we will or will not do. It is an essential guide to sane and logical conduct to believe that a man is personally responsible for what he does.

To shelter behind a theory that denies freedom and responsibility is to commit mental suicide.

Action brings success, and it is in our own hands to see that the action we pursue is right.

STORY OF A BOGUS SUICIDE

WICKED COMMERCIAL SWINDLES UNMASKED

Fraudulent Bookie's Amazing Career

HUNDREDS of thousands of people are robbed every year through the machinations of commercial swindlers. The amazing thing is that the law, in its present inadequate state, helps dishonest traders to gull the public. The company law must be completely overhauled

MR. BALDWIN, the Prime Minister, said the other day that the industrial and commercial outlook of this country was to him a constant source of anxiety. There is one way quite open to him which we now urgently ask him to take to remove from commercial life its greatest bugbear, the loopholes and the looseness in the law which enable rogues on the one hand, and incompetent traders on the other, to prey upon the community with ease.

The company laws want tightening up and so do the bankruptcy laws, and, above all, there should be increasing stringency in dealing with the far too widespread practice of obtaining credit by false pretences, by faked references or without the possession of such resources as would justify any credit at all. Every year hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost in this way by the trading community and in the textile trade alone in three years something like £30,000,000 has been lost through dubious trading methods, bogus bankruptcies and long-firm frauds.

Swindlers' audacious frauds

The police some months ago suggested that the long-firm frauds, which are a disgrace to the commercial reputation of England, were being got under hand. This is nonsense. The real swindlers are still at large, boasting of their security and laughing at the authorities. It is only their dupes who go to jail, as in the case of a person named Edward King and a friend of his known as Jack Marks.

Six or eight months ago Mr. Martin, of 10, Christopher Street, E.C., had a room to let. Jack Marks came along and took it and began business there, describing himself as a silk merchant. Shortly afterwards Edward King came along and they joined forces and traded together.

In less than a month they ordered, by the aid of false references, over a thousand pounds' worth of goods, for which they firmly refrained from paying and promptly sold for their own benefit.

Last November, for example, they ordered from an unsuspecting firm a very large and valuable consignment of silk, which was delivered to them at 10, Christopher Street. Two days later a van drew up outside their premises. These goods, together with a lot obtained from other firms, were bundled into it.

The van disappeared. So did the firm.

Where did these goods go? How were these rascals financed? Who gave them the complacent references? The police must not leave these questions unanswered merely because they have now caught King and Marks and put them where they justly and of right belong—into jail.

Records of the past

Who is Jack Marks? His real name is John Van Kemp, who has figured in many enterprising transactions of this kind and against whom there is at present a warrant outstanding charging him with obtaining fines by fraud.

Who is King? He is another interesting character, who also boasts privately and hides publicly another name. He is Edward Charles Gregory, formerly a fraudulent bookmaker in the City, after that a long-firm swindler in the name of Gregory & Co., and it may be added that

off and on he has repeatedly been sent to jail for fraud. The police must look into the question as to who is behind these rogues.

What are the authorities doing about Michael Rubenstein, a Russian, who absconded while on bail in connection with a long-firm charge? The police cannot find him. From information obtained in the underworld by our Special Commissioner we can tell them where to look.

We suggest that he may be found in Paris, where his brother-in-law, David Glauberfeld, is at present.

The story behind a suicide

Eighteen months ago David Glauberfeld ran a business in Old Montagu Street, Whitechapel, with a branch in Manchester. He ended it by getting fifteen months' hard labour. He is an Austrian Jew, who had previously been three times in jail, and he lives by obtaining credit by fraudulent representations. He has already been recommended for deportation, but apparently he can come back here when he likes.

Rubenstein has also been in the hands of the police before, having been brought up at the London Sessions in February of this year, when he was sent to jail, in the name of Jack Gold, for fourteen days, for not registering as an alien. A jewel, indeed, in the commercial crown of this country!

Another alien long-firm rascal who has absconded is Leone Tauber. The police have been told that he committed suicide. We can tell them the inner history of that story. He left his hat and clothes on the beach at Brighton. But he went away in another suit he had brought with him in a suitcase and in another name that no doubt he picked up on the beach. He ought to be found.

Other criticisms of company law

So far we have dealt with long-firm swindlers. There are other firms who are not long-firm traders, but inefficient people who let their creditors down and who also evoke criticism from the public with regard to their methods.

What the commercial community is entitled to complain of is not only deliberate long-firm swindling, exposed in our first examples, or, an entirely different thing, objectionable and inefficient methods, but also of the facility with which companies can be formed and can embark upon trade without having any clear and demonstrable resources that would justify them in such a course.

Here, again, we could find many examples. We take one or two, where there are public indications that things are not going smoothly, such as unsatisfied judgments.

A man who is an undischarged bankrupt must not obtain serious credit without

disclosing the fact. But a limited liability company, though it may have no demonstrable capital resources and may be unable to satisfy judgments against it, can continue to trade, with the implication that it can also seek to obtain unlimited credit.

An example of what we mean by the lack of demonstrable capital resources is the case of a concern with the high-sounding name, England's Commerce, Ltd. This concern was established three years ago. According to the files of Somerset House to-day, the total cash capital upon which it is trading is the remarkable amount of four pounds sterling. The directors of this engaging enterprise are Mr. Harry Heading, of "Olney," Palace Road, Hampton Court, and Mr. Alfred Radforth, 1, Hillside Avenue, Friern Barnet.

Aaron and Solomon

Mr. Harry Heading was formerly known as Aaron Solomon Cohen. Aaron suggests the golden calf and Solomon preternatural wisdom. But we are by no means sure that with their combined gifts, Aaron and Solomon would not have quailed before the task of putting England's Commerce on a completely safe basis with a capital of eighty shillings.

Another concern which is flying what in nautical language might be called flags of distress is the London & Provincial Sundries, Ltd., 149, Farringdon Road, E.C. In commercial terms this firm, too, is giving indications of strain in the way of unsatisfied judgments.

Its nominal capital is £2,500, and it has been registered since early in 1924. This concern has a mortgage debenture of £700, on which it is presumably trading. And here again there is no return of the shareholders, and no indication as to how much capital has been issued.

We want to make it quite clear that in the case of England's Commerce, Ltd., and the London & Provincial Sundries, Ltd., our criticisms have no relation to long-firm swindling, but are confined to the fact that though they have unsatisfied judgments against them they do not satisfy their creditors with either reassuring information as to the amount of their issued capital in the one case, or any information at all on this subject in the other.

Why the law should be altered

That is why we demand the immediate attention of the authorities to these anomalies in company procedure; and we ask that they should be promptly corrected so as to avoid the dangers to the trading community which are obvious unless they are effectively remedied.

Unless some such steps are taken the whole fabric of credit, the foundation-stone of our commerce, is menaced.

What we require above all is legislation that, while it will not hamper legitimate enterprise on the one hand, will on the other make the giving of credit safer.

It is the consumer in the long run who has to pay in increased prices for the bad debts caused where credit is given injudiciously or for the want of adequate information.

We have stated that the textile industry has been the chief sufferer and has lost £30,000,000. How many more millions are to be lost?

Our Appeal for Murderer

Was Callaghan Innocent?

PATRICK CALLAGHAN, the Preston prisoner, has been released. Our plea on behalf of this broken man, found guilty on a charge of murder eighteen long years ago, on evidence which there has since been strong reason to doubt, has met with complete success.

Justice, which stayed the hand of the executioner, has now been fully satisfied. Callaghan's white hairs, his once strong frame now bowed with grief, and his broken heart are accepted in atonement of the crime.

Immediately following the appeal in JOHN BULL the wheels were set in motion to secure Callaghan's release. Representations, which had been made earlier by Mr. Tom Shaw and other M.P.s, were repeated; and the anonymous ex-convict, who had promised Callaghan to spare no pains in bringing his case before the public, again approached the governor of Parkhurst Prison.

The latter replied with the good news that he had received instructions to give Callaghan his freedom as soon as necessary arrangements had been made.

Preston awaits him

Meanwhile word had been sent to a few people in Preston, and the eagerness with which they set about to find a home for the poor convict is a remarkable proof of the townspeople's conviction of his innocence.

None was more active than Mr. James Clayton, a modest man, whose good deeds would never be recorded if it were left to himself to announce them. Unknown even to his nearest neighbours, Mr. Clayton has corresponded with poor Callaghan during the long years of his imprisonment.

He had no call to do so. In the early days he had kept a public-house at which Callaghan was an occasional visitor. Believing him innocent, he had done the one thing possible to relieve the dreadful torture of the cell.

He had sent him news of home.

Callaghan replied, and his letters, brief though they are and redolent as a prisoner's letters must be, tell between the lines his poignant story of anger turning to grief, of grief to deep despondency, but never quite to despair.

Mr. Clayton had omitted to tell Callaghan of the death some time ago of his brother Robert, with whom a home might have been found should freedom ever come. He kept trace, however, of the widow, and, on the intimation of release, conveyed it to her.

She lives with a brother and sister, and, although none of the family is richly endowed with this world's goods, their door was thrown open, whether or no poor Patrick should prove able to earn his keep.

Looking for work

Unknown to them the Central Association for Discharged Prisoners, who had been notified by the Home Office, had made enquiries regarding employment for Callaghan somewhere in Lancashire, and intimation was received from a certain quarter in Preston that there would be little difficulty in finding work for him in the town.

While no finger would be pointed by any of the kindly Lancashire folk who recognised him, it is felt by some that Callaghan would be happier away from his old surroundings. If, therefore, his offers are received of a berth for this unfortunate man, we shall be glad to forward them.



Sir Henry Dickens, K.C.
the Common Sergeant,
who has stated that these
frauds have created al-
most a panic among
manufacturers and
traders

A Merciful Publican

Good Samaritan Fined

CHARLES MILROY is a publican in Main Street, Bainsford, near Falkirk. It is an old tradition which associates publicans and sinners.

Between four and five in the morning Mr. Milroy was awakened by loud knocks on his door. He arose, threw up his window and asked who was there. The reply was, "For God's sake, give me some whisky for old Jimmy, who is dying!"

Mr. Milroy knew the man who made this agitated request, and knew also that a relative of his was critically ill.

He was perfectly aware that to do so would be to commit a breach of the licensing laws, which would expose him to a fine and perhaps to an endorsement of his licence. On the other hand, he knew that a man was dying and that a little help might perhaps save his life. He risked his licence and his livelihood and handed over the whisky.

To protect himself he asked the purchaser to bring in a doctor's certificate, which the latter promised to do within an hour. He did not do so for an hour and a half. In the meantime the police in some way learned of the transaction. In spite of the fact that the sick man died the same morning Milroy was prosecuted and fined £2.

Bailie Gilchrist, in imposing the fine, said that there had been a real breach of the licensing laws. There was—a breach entirely creditable to the publican.

We commend the story of Mr. Milroy's experience to the Secretary of State for Scotland, and ask him to remit this fine and to take away from this kind-hearted publican the stain which has been placed upon his character by so narrow an interpretation of the law.

A Busy Fiend

Trails of tragedy

A TRAGIC instance of the way a fire fiend can convert a happy home into a blackened ruin is provided by the case of Mr. James Willacy, of Longridge, near Preston. Recently, some school children were passing his house and noticed a tell-tale cloud of smoke emerging. They called the neighbours, who immediately assisted in trying to stay the progress of the flames before the fire brigade arrived. In about two hours the fire was subdued, but meanwhile the Fire Fiend had done his worst. What were once comfortably furnished rooms were now only bare walls and charred ruins.

In the hour of the Willacy's despair, however, there was one ray of sunshine. Mr. Willacy had had the foresight to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL. When everything seemed hopeless JOHN BULL came to the rescue and forwarded Mr. Willacy a cheque for £125.

The case of Mr. Willacy is typical of many that are happening every day. On another page we announce the payment of hundreds of pounds in Fire Benefits alone.

It is a misfortune to be visited by the Fire Fiend, but it is a crime against oneself not to be protected against its dread consequences, especially when protection is offered absolutely free.

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift offers protection not only against fire but against storm, flood, accidents in the home and garden, sickness, sports and other accidents.

You can avail yourself of the wonderful benefits offered, by simply filling in the forms on page 2. You never know when you may need the help that JOHN BULL offers you free.

GRAVE STAGE SCANDAL

EXPLOITING AN HONOURABLE NAME

Rogues of the Footlights

TIME after time we have exposed rogues of the theatrical profession and called for legislation to stop their activities, which too often end in tragedy. This story throws a flood of light upon some of the evils existing on the stage to-day

IN spite of every effort that is being made by the official organisations of the actors' profession, and by prominent figures in it such as Sir Walter de Frece, M.P., who has introduced a Bill into Parliament, the evil of the bogus manager continues to exist, with its reproach upon a great and noble tradition.

We are able to give here, exclusively, the latest and in many ways one of the worst examples of this evil. The story is an amazing one.

It begins with a concern called the "W. and G. Productions," which, if it has any real existence, is certainly a very obscure and shadowy affair. So far as we can trace, it has no permanent address or even any printed notepaper.

As far as anybody knew it represented the joint activities of two young gentlemen—Mr. H. L. de Frece and Mr. James Waller, patronymies both well known and highly respected in the theatrical profession.

The golden path to fame

These two young gentlemen had the inspiration of putting before the British playing public a production called "Overtime," the name of which was subsequently amended, by a masterly stroke, to "Snip-Snap" or "Spick and Span." Its span was not long, and its thread was soon snapped.

W. and G. approached Mr. William Leon, of 267, Cumberwell New Road, S.E., and invited him to undertake the production. He appears to have taken W. and G. at its face value, which we do not doubt he now sincerely regrets.

The next step was the engagement of a number of artistes and also of a travelling staff—stage hands, stage carpenters, and so forth.

They were all very pleased at the brilliant prospect that appeared to be opening before them, and it was a great task that they were told.

Mr. H. de Frece was joyously optimistic. He talked to his producer and his artistes and his stage hands of the great adventure on which he was inviting them to embark.

They were to begin with a four weeks' tour—the first week at the Boscombe Hippodrome, the second at Southend, the third at Southsea, and the fourth at Dundee.

After that pilgrimage into a comfortable and quite well-found wilderness, they were to come to the grand climax—back to London town for the famous Gulliver Circuit, the "L.T.V. Tour."

Rehearsals in full swing

They threw themselves into the work of rehearsing with buoyant gaiety and enthusiasm. Some of them had refused other work, so that they might not miss this golden opportunity.

The rehearsals went with a swing at the West Street Mission Hall, Cambridge Circus, that well-known centre for this preliminary work.

At the end of the week, with the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, they began ardently, and not unnaturally, to think of refreshment after labour and that gratifying affair—the pay envelope.

On the following Tuesday they had their first shock. Mr. H. de Frece found it inconvenient to attend. But the land-

lord of the hall did not. He declined to allow them to rehearse on what appeared to him the sufficient ground that the first week's rent had not been paid.

Promises made in a pub

From that moment, in the colloquial phrase, the fat was in the fire. The stage carpenter, who with his wife as wardrobe mistress had been engaged at a salary for rehearsals as well as performances, set out to look for the missing entrepreneur.

Accompanied by a batch of the artistes—between thirty and forty had been rehearsing—he went snip-snap after de Frece and found him spick and span in the Crown Public House, Charing Cross Road.

He was very soothing. He told them that rehearsals had been temporarily interrupted, but would shortly be resumed. Everything was all right, though there had been a little trouble about the booking and the dates, and everybody would get fourteen days' money, and would get it that day if they would allow him time to go to get it.

Mr. Leon asked for £10 to go on with, and Mr. de Frece went in search of the cash. A disappointing circumstance, however, was that when enquiries were made from Mr. Parnell and the Booking Committee of the "L.T.V. Tours" at the Holborn Empire offices, it was plainly stated that nothing was known there of "Snip-Snap," nor had any engagement been made with it or, in this connection, with either Mr. H. de Frece or Mr. James Waller.

Manager's trip to Bow Street
There was, in any case, no vacancy on the suggested date at the Boscombe Hippodrome, as "Nellie Dean," with Gertie Gitana, had been booked there to appear that week, an engagement of six months' standing.

That was bad. But worse remained behind. It was also discovered that Mr. H. de Frece, in the name of Harry Warwick, had been fined £10 at Bow Street Police Court, a few weeks earlier, for running a theatrical agency without a licence.

In any case the money was not brought to the Crown Hotel and has not been produced since. Sometimes a member of the party would encounter Mr. de Frece who would explain that he was seeing his partner next day, and would square everything up.

The artistes were now getting angry, and some of them, meeting him in the street, invited him to go to the Bow Street Police Station. He went, but the police authorities there regarded the matter as a subject for civil proceeding.

The next step, which was taken by the stage carpenter, was to write to Sir Walter de Frece, pointing out that Mr. H. de Frece, who had landed them into this difficulty, had claimed to be a nephew of Sir Walter, and that they had naturally attached great confidence to the concern

because of the name of de Frece, and what it stood for.

Sir Walter replied from the House of Commons stating that he knew nothing of the production, and would take steps against any person using his name in connection with it.

Sir Walter is naturally very angry about the whole matter, for de Frece, alias Warwick, is actually a nephew of his, though of course Sir Walter has no responsibility for what this man does.

Mr. James Waller was unable to help financially either. He said he had just come back from his honeymoon, and understood that Mr. H. de Frece was still carrying on.

Mr. James Waller, whose real name appears to be Hawksworth, has stated that he has been more sinned against than sinning as de Frece misled him too.

It should here be added that Mr. Jack Waller, whose production at the Palace Theatre, "No, No, Nanette," has been such a success, informs our representative that he is in no way connected with the "James Waller" of this story. Nor, in fact, does he know him.

There the matter stands, and the artistes cannot get any redress for the way in which they have been misled, for they have not got contracts to protect them.

Other names—other failures

These contracts were promised but never given, and Mr. H. de Frece, alias Harry Warwick, alias Harry Lawrence, has now simply faded out of the picture.

In investigating this story we have discovered that it is not the first time that he has had trouble of this kind. He was connected with a show called "Giddy Life," which had anything but a gay life.

It broke down on tour, and the artistes were left stranded and had to get back to town, at their own expense.

In more than one town de Frece was unable to meet his liabilities, and gave cheques that were dishonoured.

He is still apparently pursuing his career of financial carelessness, for quite recently he drew a cheque in favour of a waiter in the Pavilion Night Club in Ham Yard, Piccadilly, which was returned marked "No account." The seriousness of this does not require to be emphasised.

Sir Walter de Frece's Bill, which is called the "Theatrical Employers Registration Bill," has been framed for the purpose of providing for the compulsory registration of all theatrical employers.

Under its provisions every theatrical employer will be committing an offence in employing artistes, or in running a show, unless he has got a registration certificate issued by some authority yet to be defined, showing that he is a fit and proper person to carry on such work.

Imprisonment for bogus managers

Sir Walter de Frece's Bill, if it passes, will, in short, make it an offence, punishable with imprisonment, for any theatrical employer to victimise his employees by acting as a bogus manager.

We sympathise with him on the fact that one of his own connections has given so unpleasant a proof of the urgent necessity for his endeavours to protect the profession, of which Sir Walter is at once a pillar and an ornament.



Sir Walter de Frece, M.P., whose Bill, if passed, will do much to stop the bogus manager

THE 520 SECRETS

SERMON-WRITING AND SALMON-FISHING

Exploiting the Workless

THE difficulty of finding employment has never been greater than at present. Unfortunately, the difficulty of the honest worker is the opportunity of the unscrupulous exploiter. He trades upon unemployment in order to take from those in need even that last little that they are anxious to spend to keep their self-respect and retain them in the ranks of the toilers.

One can picture the position of the ex-soldier, for example, who is the most frequent victim of these people, when, in his anxiety to get away from the dole and find employment, he grasps at the opportunity held out by a number of firms up and down the country who advertise what they are pleased to call "money-making opportunities."

Two of these firms are Simons's, 8 Quebec Avenue, Southend, and Johnston, 37, Fordland Place, Sunderland. They both issue a book which they call "520 Everyday Money-making Opportunities, or Secrets of Wealth." They charge 2s. for this information.

A delicate business

Now let us have a look at one of these books and see what is the real and practical value of some of the hints they contain. Let us take Hint No. 6, for example, of the 520. We quote it in full:

"It may be a surprise to many that a large percentage of the sermons preached in our churches every Sunday are purchased and not prepared. These purchased sermons are written by laymen termed 'sermon writers.' The fee for each sermon is from half a guinea to a guinea. This writing brings constant employment to those who have adopted the profession. Of course, the matter of supplying sermons must be approached in a delicate manner. Most public libraries have a Clerical Directory. This contains the names of upwards of thirty-thousand clergymen in all parts of the world."

Now, to tell an honest working-man seeking for employment stuff and nonsense of this kind and to charge him for it

is a piece of cynical cruelty. There is also plenty more of it where this specimen came from. Having finished with those whom it thus recommends to make money out of the Church by blacklegging, it gives what is certainly a practical hint.

"Every one must have noticed the waste of time when letters are delivered at houses which do not possess a letter-box. The postman stands waiting at the door and the householder is obliged, maybe, to descend from the top storey to receive the letters. Here lies an opportunity for the enterprising money-maker."

Chance for linguists

All he has to do, apparently, is to get a few tools together—quite easy to the out-of-work—get some wood, and then persuade a householder to give him 2s. 6d. for a fixed letter-box. He can obtain further information by paying 2s. for a book published by the same firm that is giving these hints.

There are lots of other opportunities. We cannot stay to deal with many, and must be content with reference to a few. "A knowledge of foreign languages, coupled with a gift for free translation into idiomatic English, can be turned to very good account in spare time. A far wider scope is afforded by the translation of foreign works." To tell this to the unemployed bricklayer seeking to make a few shillings is adding injury to insult.

Here is another tip. You can go in for teaching people how to angle successfully, tuition for which many novices are glad to pay, because it helps them to win prizes offered by angling societies.

Successors to Hobbs and Sutcliffe

The unemployed bricklayer, to take our previous example, may well wonder how he is to become an expert angler, which takes years of leisure and, therefore, involves the possession of money. The answer is easy and illuminating: "An excellent work, entitled 'Angling in Rivers, Lakes and Sea,' may be had of the publishers of this book for 2s., post free."

If you cannot become an expert angler, why not become a professional cricketer, who, the book says, generally holds a very lucrative position. He is courted by rival wealthy county clubs and his occupation is of a pleasant character. The book entitled "Cricket," it may be added, in the usual formula, can be obtained, price 2s., from the publishers.

Contemplate our middle-aged and unemployed bricklayer, rejecting sermon-writing as a career, too old to become a professional cricketer and living, say, in the poorer quarters of the East End, and, therefore, unable to acquire dexterity in teaching noblemen to catch salmon in the rivers of the Scottish Highlands.

You can imagine him, at the worst, using language with which we sympathise, but are unable to print, and at the best putting the book sadly aside, as the green-grocer did when he closed his volume of Shakespeare and said thoughtfully to his wife, "My dear, there are things in that book that would never have occurred to me."

Hypnotist or dog-breeder

You can become a false bidder at an auction, a church bell-ringer, a conjuror, a mesmerist—book on hypnotism, 2s. 6d. post-free—a dog breeder—"The Dog in Health and Disease," 2s., post-free—a reciter—"The Humorous Reciter and Reader," 2s. 9d., post-free—a phrenologist or a ventriloquist—books as usual—or you can go on the stage.

And so on through the 520 hints, on insect-powder or rubber stamps or red ink. "This mixture should be boiled or macerated, with agitation, for fourteen days and then strained."

Hundreds of people are living by this catch-penny advertising of money-making opportunities in the mail-order business.

We are not surprised that many of the victims would like to see these cynical exploiters dealt with like red ink and, in their own strange language, "boiled or macerated with agitation for fourteen days and then strained." We should like to add fourteen days, without the option of a fine.

Tragedy of Limehouse

Chinatown's Latest Victim

WHILE we are pleased to see that the police are acting upon the information we published exclusively a few weeks ago in regard to the renewed activities of the Chinese "dope" traffickers, we urge the authorities at Scotland Yard to carry on with the good work.

Limehouse is once again swarming with undesirable Chinese; so are Liverpool, Hull and Cardiff. Yellow men, who have been lying low for some time on account of our relentless exposures, are now creeping out into the open, while others are already working their nefarious schemes as brazenly as ever.

Since our last article appeared demanding more stringent action on the part of the police, several Chinese rascals have been arrested. One is a drug-saddened creature, named Ah Quai, who is a most dangerous agent of the Chung Yee Tong—that notorious Chinese secret society which has time and again figured in our articles.

Ah Quai has been trading in dope for years. The other day he was stopped by police officers in Commercial Road, Limehouse, and no less than eighty packets of soul-destroying drugs were found upon him!

Scoundrel who must be deported

At the time of his arrest, Ah Quai was on the way to meet certain white women who have fallen so deeply into his clutches that they looked upon it as a favour to get supplies of "dope" from Ah Quai, and to peddle it, for his financial gain, amongst the many addicts who crave for it in the West End of London.

Ah Quai was last week sent to jail for six months. In addition he was fined £250, which if he did not pay, involved a further three months in prison.

But the worst feature of this particular case is that this scoundrel, who ran an opium den in Pennyfields, is not unfamiliar with the police courts, as he has been previously convicted of keeping premises for opium smoking.

We are at a loss to understand why he was not then deported. We appeal specially to the Home Secretary to see that Ah Quai's deportation papers are signed without delay. The removal of this pest from England will rid us of one of the most dangerous "dope" traffickers in Chinatown.

The number of English girls in Limehouse is increasing—poor, unhappy creatures, who live in misery under the domination of their evil Chinese masters.

Women slaves of Chinatown

Tragic, indeed, is the story of a woman, named Maud Hughes, who is one of the lost souls in Limehouse. For years she has been associated with Chinamen, is under the thumb of a very troublesome criminal, and for the most part spends her time in robbing drunken men and sailors. She is one of the most notorious characters in the East End.

They call her "Chinese Maud"—a nickname she has derived from her close association with the sordid inhabitants of Chinatown. A few nights ago she was arrested and later convicted for stealing money from a man in the "Queen's Head" public-house, Commercial Street, E.

"Chinese Maud," disillusioned and broken, is like many others of her class in Limehouse, that mysterious quarter of the East End, where so many white girls have become irretrievably sunk in the mire of Chinatown.

Robbed of Youth

A Cruel Reformatory Wrong

THERE may be children whose dispositions are intractable enough for them to have something to gain from a period spent in one or other of our so-called reformatories. Investigations of the system have forced on us the firm conviction that the worst child detained in our State institutions is much less in need of reform than the reformatories themselves.

Case after case has been brought to our notice of treatment meted out to the hapless captives in these joyless compounds, which is as monstrous as it is illegal. We make no charge of acts of physical cruelty, such as beating, neglect, or starvation.

We do allege that children are detained as drudges years after their term has expired, without reason and to their own irreparable loss.

Two years ago we told the story of Edith Mansfield, of Flamstead End, Hertfordshire, who, for some trivial offence, committed before she was twelve years old, was ordered to be detained in Stoke Park Colony, Bristol, until she was sixteen. That was in 1913.

The four years passed, but at the end of

the time the parents were informed that under the beneficent care of our Home from Home Office Edith had developed into a mental deficient, and therefore could not be returned to them. They were very poor, and had no weapon to fight the brutal power of entrenched authority.

Edith remained to scrub her young life out on the Colony floors. Childhood passed to maidenhood, and maidenhood to maturity, and still the cage door was kept closed against all the pleadings of the parents. Questions asked in Parliament were blandly dismissed by officials whose conception of responsibility is to acquire skill in the evasion of it.

At last the order came that Edith Mansfield, presumably cured of her mental malady in the same process as that under which she contracted it, should be allowed her freedom. The other day her mother met her at Paddington Station.

It might have been expected that, after twelve years with the scrubbing-brush and the needle in Stoke Park Colony, she would have had to her credit at least sufficient to purchase an outfit. But even the few stitches of clothing which are the

right of a discharged convict were withheld, and she was sent out to the labour market in her colony garb.

The terrible wrong done to that young woman, as to the many others who have suffered the same experience, is such as to make decent British people burn with shame for their public officials.

Edith Mansfield is now a full-grown woman of twenty-four. The spring-time of her life has been stolen from her, and those years which for most of us lay up a store of happy memories and beloved associations are to her but a vista of colourless and barren drudgery.

She is as ignorant of the world as she is unskilled in a trade. She knows nothing of the value of money. She is simple, not after the manner of mental deficient, but as some poor convict, who, once in the possession of keen intelligence, comes back to freedom as helpless and timid as a child.

There is no redress for her, but we demand that such things shall no longer be allowed in our land. Slavery was abolished in the United States in 1865. Its end is overdue in the Mother Country.

THE MAJOR'S TALE WHAT HE TOLD THE SERGEANT "As One Soldier to Another"

MANY ex-soldiers have lost money in propositions introduced by the concern we here denounce. In telling the sad story of the misfortunes of a gallant soldier we say, quite frankly, that another soldier—a Major D.S.O.—has, in our opinion, been guilty of disgraceful conduct.

WE propose in this article to speak very plainly about a gross scandal by which an ex-Service man has been cruelly duped in circumstances which must make every one who reads of them burn with indignation.

Ex-Battery Sergeant-Major Ingram, of 95, Iverson Road, West Hampstead, N.W.6, is the ex-soldier to whom we refer. He is a man who has served his King and country for over twenty years, and received the D.C.M. for gallantry in the field.

When he retired on pension, he looked round for something to do to occupy his time and to supplement his resources. Very unfortunately for himself he saw an advertisement in a London daily newspaper from Major Aldworth and Co., 160, Victoria Street, S.W. 1, a firm which advertises business partnerships and investment opportunities.

Misuse of military title

We have had to deal with Major Aldworth before in a case in which one of our readers invested money on his recommendation, and lost it. We accused Major Aldworth, D.S.O., who at that time was prominently exploiting his military title in his business relationship, of gross carelessness, of recommending investments, which he ought to have known were rotten, and which he took no adequate steps to investigate before he induced his clients to hand over their money.

The story we now tell shows Major Aldworth as being in matters of this kind quite consistent with form.

Sergeant Ingram went to see Major Aldworth, D.S.O., who told him that he would find for him just the kind of employment he was seeking, but that he would have to put down £200 as security.

That is the wicked part of most of these transactions. Ex-soldiers have had few opportunities of acquiring business experience, but many of developing respect for majors, and especially for such majors as have been honoured by the King with the award of that coveted decoration, the D.S.O.

Sergeant Ingram had no money available, and he thought that rather than miss an opportunity so recommended he would commute part of his pension. Major Aldworth cordially applauded this perilous decision and offered him advice, as one soldier to another, as to how best to get the transaction through.

Parting with a pension

The pension was partly commuted and £200 was handed over to Major Aldworth, D.S.O., who in turn passed it on to a firm called Summerfield and Williams, trading as haulage contractors at 726, Old Kent Road.

Sergeant Ingram, being inexperienced in business, was not quite satisfied as to the position and standing of Summerfield & Williams. So he confided his anxieties to Major Aldworth, D.S.O. The major soothed the sergeant, and clinched the matter by asking him, "Sergeant, do you trust me?" "Yes, sir," said the sergeant, the whole weight of his past military experience and discipline sweeping him off his feet.

Major Aldworth, D.S.O., did not produce

—as, in our opinion, he ought to have done—balance-sheets showing how long this firm had traded and what profits it had made. So the sergeant went away, believing that Summerfield and Williams owned the half-a-dozen lorries they were using, and believing also that his money would be invested in shares in the limited company into which this firm was about to be converted.

Sympathy that did not help

Shortly after this he came back, and in the office of Major Aldworth, D.S.O., he signed an agreement with Summerfield and Williams, by which he was to be employed as a driver at something like £3 10s. a week, together with a bonus and share of the profits in proportion to his investment. In return for this he was asked to deposit £200 as a cash security, returnable upon demand within a stipulated time.

Major Aldworth, D.S.O., had thus done his part in the transaction. He had brought the fly and the spider together and he went away, no doubt, perfectly happy, and jingling in his pocket the fees he had thus earned.

The haulage contracting business, before Sergeant Ingram had time to overhaul it, came badly unstuck, and Sergeant Ingram, finding that he could get nothing from Major Aldworth, D.S.O., as one soldier to another, promptly proceeded to sue Messrs. Summerfield and Williams for the return of his money. In this we think it is only fair to state he had the entire and whole-hearted sympathy of Major Aldworth, D.S.O., who had landed him in this mess.

He got judgment against the firm, but that was not quite the same thing as getting back his money. So he put the bailiffs in to seize the lorries as security for his money. Whereupon he received an official intimation that the lorries in question did not belong to Summerfield and Williams, but were merely rented by them on a hire-purchase agreement, and even the rent was in arrears.

The irony of it all

The distracted sergeant hunted up Summerfield and Williams, and tried to get some of his money back. He hoped that he would get something, and in this he was encouraged by Major Aldworth, D.S.O., who wrote to say that his concern had now become a limited company and could not therefore advance any money, "but if Mr. Ingram would call and see me I would, as one soldier to another, feel inclined to assist him in his difficulties."

"As one soldier to another." The bitter irony of the phrase! The unfortunate sergeant cannot get anything from Summerfield and Williams, or from either of them. He cannot even find them.

He has not got employment and he has lost a substantial part of the pension he earned to provide for his old age.

He lost his money because he relied on the word of an officer and a gentleman.

Now, stripped and helpless, he gets nothing but pious expressions of sympathy from one soldier to another. If Major Aldworth, D.S.O., is not thoroughly ashamed of this transaction, we are thoroughly ashamed of him.

AN AMAZING WOMAN ADVENTURESS IN NEW GUISE Welsh Girl's Dreadful Ordeal

A PRETTY woman—charming and gracious—willing to extend a helping hand to any one in trouble—anxious to teach poor unemployed people how to make fortunes rapidly—eager to raise funds for charitable institutions—and, beneath the surface, a mean and grasping adventuress.

SOME time ago we had occasion to warn the public against a charming young woman known as "Peggy Wade" in business and "Mrs. Enzer" in private, who was busily attracting the fees of the unwary to a concern called the Newspaper Press, at Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

After a few discreet enquiries we have been able to identify the delightful Peggy with an adventuress of international notoriety—no less a person than Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, of Pemberton-Billing memory.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Villiers-Stuart appeared as a witness for Mr. Pemberton-Billing in his defence of an action for criminal libel brought by Miss Maud Allan. She it was who was able to testify on oath to having actually seen the mysterious book of the "First 47,000," alleged to contain the names of 47,000 prominent British people addicted to various nameless vices.

From witness-box to dock

Mr. Billing asked her who had shown her the book and she replied, "Neil Primrose and Major Evelyn Rothschild," both of whom had been killed in action. When further asked by Mr. Billing, who pointed a finger at the judge, Mr. Justice Darling, whether his name, together with those of Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and Lord Haldane, was in the book, she replied that it was.



Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, whose amusing adventures are related here

Counsel for the prosecution had no opportunity of asking Eileen Alys Rhoda Fox Villiers-Stuart, as she then described herself, anything of her own history, but this emerged within three months, when the lady was tried at the Old Bailey for bigamy.

It transpired then that her real name was Alys Rhoda Grant, and that she had previously married a Putney motor-omnibus driver called Bray, who was alive at the time she made her second matrimonial excursion with Captain Percival Villiers-Stuart of the Cheshire Regiment. She signed the register at St. Anne's Church, Birkenhead, as "Eileen Alys Rhoda Fox-Bray."

Nine months in jail

The Recorder saw fit to interrupt her interesting career for a period of nine months. On release she was married a third time, to a young medical student, but the domestic round did not give her the full life for which she always craved.

Accordingly she made an excursion into journalism, under the name of "Peggy Wade," and, in reply to an advertisement by a Welsh baronet, was engaged to revise some manuscripts at his country seat.

There she learned the story of a young woman secretary, a simple Welsh girl, who had come to be in an unfortunate state following an affair with a member of the household staff. She volunteered to take the girl back to London as her

secretary and to see that she was well looked after in a nursing home.

Continuous demands were sent to the baronet, who had promised to take an interest in the girl, and to the father. The baronet wished the arrangements to be made through his solicitor in London, but Miss Peggy Wade objected to this.

The Welsh girl, who spent a short time at a Salvation Army Home in Hackney, and who had her baby a month ago in a Sydenham nursing home, was promised by Miss Wade that work would be found for her when she had recovered.

Poor girl's shocking plight

Distracted, and now confessing that she was at one time on the point of suicide, the poor girl was found by our representative, deserted by every one, owing two weeks' rent, and without work. She was still hoping that Miss Wade would appear and give her some money and likewise the promised work.

In the midst of her efforts on behalf of her "charge," Miss Peggy Wade found time to develop her journalistic activities, and formed the aforementioned Newspaper Press, the purpose being to extract as many ten-guinea fees as possible.

For such an enterprise as the Newspaper Press, it was only natural that the resourceful Peggy should look round for a partner to share the responsibilities, and incidentally the expenses. This she found in a lady of independent means.

Not only was she impressed by Peggy's story of journalistic connections, but with her more intimate affairs. Peggy, alas, was being blackmailed by a wicked Russian who, in the best manner of the villain in melodrama, held certain letters which, if placed in the hands of her husband, would mean the end of everything.

He had come from Moscow, and was demanding £250. Peggy had but £239. Would the kind lady lend her the odd £11? We think the story almost worth £11, but the lady lost more than that. When it came to paying expenses and various claims, she ended by being £250 out of pocket.

Another of the recent adventures of Eileen Peggy Alys Rhoda Fox Enzer, as she is described at the Registration of Business Names, deserves mention.

Charity concert fiasco

Two months ago a printer near Ladbroke Grove, Kensington, was given an order by the lady for a number of tickets and programmes for a concert in aid of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" at Mortimer Hall, Mortimer Street, W. At the same time the proprietors of the hall were approached for a date, which, failing to obtain a deposit, they did not fill.

A concert party was engaged, and arranged a varied programme. Among the items were "The Friends who would quarrel but can't," and "We ain't a-goin' a-roamin'."

Ticket-holders who turned up to enjoy the entertainment were rather in the position of "friends who would quarrel but can't," for the person who had sold them the tickets had gone "a-roamin'." The concert party's engagement was cancelled at the last moment, and they received no compensation. Nor was the printer paid.

by FRANK HOLLAND



So this design I thought so fine
It seems to be disapproved.
The people shriek, "The thing's a freak!"
We must have it removed.



These gentlemen must now and then
Use methods most unpleasing.
But still they might be more polite
To wretches whom they're squeezing.



These twins have passed away at last,
And no one seems distressed,
Their little life was full of strife.
No flowers by request.



"You till the soil—that's honest toll,
I neither sow nor reap;
So I'm worth less than you I guess,
Yet I cost more to keep!"

THE SUNNY SIDE

"So Shines a Good Deed in a Naughty World"

THE world is not at all a bad place to live in, though nowadays much of the good in it is obscured by the undue prominence given to evil.

While living a life of sheer, stark horror in a stinking Flanders trench, the writer was surprised to find a single violet growing in a mud bank from which a dead man's boot projected, oozing corruption. It seemed a symbol of the purity and modesty which may be found in the most unlikely surroundings.

The tiny flower became an object almost of adoration to the troops in that trench, like a rainbow in a tempestuous sky, serene amid the storm, a token of undying hope and eternal benevolence.

So good prevails amid the evil, and often, even in delving into noisome depths of the underworld, we have been dazzled by the brilliance of rare gems of human nobility.

WE purpose publishing on this page week by week some of the deeds of kindness, self-sacrificing benevolence and meritorious conduct which brighten life. Never a day passes without some kindly action which deserves to be recorded, and we invite our readers to help us to show the sunny side.

For instance, here is a letter received by "Humanist" last week. It breathes

HELP us to light the Sunshine Trail by sending us stories of kind actions, unselfishness and self-sacrifice that would otherwise be passed by. For each case printed we will award one guinea. Mark your envelopes "Sunny Side."

pure self-sacrifice, offering service without thought of public recognition or reward.

"I notice the case of a lady who is anxious regarding her husband repeatedly offering himself for blood transfusion. Will you kindly let her know that if it is proving too great a strain on him I will willingly stand in his stead? I must ask you not to disclose my name, because as a rover scout my aim and ideal is service to others without reward."

The Scout movement should be proud of members who carry out such an ideal in so practical a manner.

At Woolwich a few days ago a boy employed by Harland and Wolff fell into the river and was sucked into a dangerous current. A youth of seventeen, named Leslie Moyler, at once plunged into the stream. He was not a strong swimmer, and after a struggle both lads were drowned. Yet this was an act of heroism which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold.

Last week at Nottingham a middle-aged paperhanger, named James Chappell,

saw three small children in imminent danger from a runaway motor lorry. Without a thought for his own safety he dashed in front of the vehicle and flung the little ones out of its path. As he did so he was caught by the huge car and crushed to death. "Himself he could not save," yet the manner of his death was surely deserving of immortality.

Not all the deeds which shine with splendour are accomplished in such dramatic circumstances. There are quiet, unassuming acts of devotion in everyday life which are given no publicity, but nevertheless should be recorded to sustain faith in the essential goodness of humanity.

THE devotion of mothers to their children, the self-sacrificing comradeship of mines and factories, the youthful heroism of playmates, all show the sunny side of life.

Tell us of the tales of valour that reach you, of the deeds of kindness that are enacted round you, the instances of unselfish devotion that are discussed in your homes. They deserve to be recorded and rewarded.

We will publish them as examples of the manner in which lowly men and women achieve the highest ideals of humanity, and award a guinea to each case printed. Mark your envelopes "Sunny Side."

The Sentence of the Court

A "Dear" Peer

Short Shrift for
Spendthrift

WHEN presented at Court on a charge of making false verbal representations, the Earl of Clarendon, Captain, Gentleman-at-Arms, pleaded that he was "no more guilty than the rest of them."

"By the 'rest of them,'" said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I presume the accused means his confederates associated with the Government, but for the time being we are concerned only with the noble earl himself, though others are likely to find themselves docked for repairs to their pledges if they do not mend their ways and our means. We were informed in the King's Speech that economy in every sphere is essential if we are to regain our industrial and commercial prosperity, and now we have the accused speaking for the Government and protesting that while in the abstract every one is desirous of practising economy, the real difficulty is that no one knows how to put economy into practice."

"WHAT are we to think of this sort of hedging following the pledging by means of which the Government secured election? It is not true that 'no one' knows how to put economy into practice, though, apparently, the present Government either does not know or does not want to know. Since 1919 our expenditure has been moving downward, but now it has taken an upward leap, the Estimates for 1925-26 being nearly £10,000,000 higher than those for 1924-25, chiefly because the Government allowed the naval and military pandrums to bluff it into increased warlike expenditure. With no German Navy to guard against, and having won the War that was to end war, we are spending £120,000,000 on armaments, while Germany, our most

formidable trade rival, is spending only £23,000.

"If the Government had been sincere in its desire for economy it had ample opportunities for giving effect to it in the fighting services, but its election pledges were knocked into a cocked hat as soon as it came up against the cocked-hats."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that for the Government to embark precipitately upon a policy of wholesale retrenchment would involve the country in chaos. In matters of this kind "Hasten slowly" was the best motto. If Capital and Labour would bury the hatchet, and so ensure an era of industrial tranquillity, it would go farther toward re-establishing our prosperity than anything the Government could do.

"It is all very well for counsel to talk of burying the hatchet," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but the present complaint is that the Government has buried the axe it had promised to use on the great spendthrift departments. The country was led to hope for an axe, but instead finds itself saddled with a rake."

"Defending this rake's progress, the prisoner plaintively remarks that in the matter of economy the Government does not know where to begin, but the truth is that when it comes to squandering the taxpayers' money it doesn't know where to stop."

"A Government which pays lip service to economy and immediately sanctions an increased expenditure of £10,000,000 is as grotesque as a Chancellor of the Exchequer who prattles about relieving industry and then proceeds to place an import duty on the raw material of the artificial silk industry."

"The sentence of the Court is that the noble earl be held over a slow fire of criticism until his blue blood boils."

How to Keep Well

Aids to Sleep

by A Wimpole Street Physician

SLEEPLESSNESS is one of the most distressing maladies to which we may be subject, and it is sometimes one of the most difficult to cure.

But when an individual complains of sleeplessness the first thing the doctor does is to make sure that the patient really did remain awake, for many only think they did not sleep.

So the doctor asks: What hours did you hear the clock strike? When did it become light?—and so on.

The only way to cure sleeplessness is to get at its cause.

Sometimes it may be the first symptom of neurasthenia, which requires the careful attention of a physician.

It may be due to alcohol, tea or coffee, taken too near bed-time, keeping the brain in a state of congestion, or this congestion may be due to chronic constipation.

Sometimes the bedroom may be badly ventilated—the window should always be open at night no matter what the weather is like.

Or the body may be too cold, in which case another blanket or a hot-water bottle will effect a cure.

THOSE who are inclined to suffer from sleeplessness should allow the mind to relax after the evening meal.

A smoke—but not too much—or an interesting but unexciting book or magazine will aid this.

It is a very helpful habit always to go to bed at the same time and not too late.

Many find an aid to sleep in a warm bath or a glass of hot milk at bedtime.

The bedroom wallpaper should not have a too pronounced pattern or gaudy colours, but should be of a pleasantly subdued tint, and any pictures should be inconspicuous.

Drugs must be avoided: it is not a true sleep that they induce.

IN this and subsequent issues will be told the inner stories of some of the most amazing society cases of modern times. The writer is the Detective de Luxe in high-life circles; he is not an ordinary C.I.D. man nor the humdrum private enquiry agent whom the Divorce Court has made familiar. He is only called in to handle the most delicate cases which, affecting as they do Royal Families and highly placed personages, are shielded from the glare of publicity by being kept out of court.

Bertha Trost and her Daughter

Secret History of a Notorious Female Crook

VERY few of my readers will need any introduction to the name of Bertha Trost who, in the years before the war, when the Germans were free to come and go as they pleased, was well known to the highly placed degenerates of Berlin and London as the High Priestess of Vice. This wicked old woman knew secrets that would have sent many a Royal Family into disgrace for evermore, and she had also made it her business to entrap foolish Naval and Military officers into divulging secrets of State in a way that ruined dozens of men. There can be no doubt also that she was a highly paid spy of the German Secret Service.

Fortunately for the fair Bertha, she managed to get out of England without being definitely charged with any offence, although there were innumerable demands that she should be arrested and put on her trial, if not for espionage, at any rate for blackmail and divers other crimes of an even more revolting nature.

There can be little or no doubt that Bertha Trost was a woman who made cocaine and heroin fashionable in high society, and the legacies she left behind her have been responsible for the downfall of hundreds of her fellow-women. Bertha Trost also left us something else—a daughter.

Enter— Bertha's daughter!

Unfortunately it has not been found possible to deport this woman, because during the war she got into tow with an English flying officer and married him, and thus acquired British nationality.

I was not aware that Bertha Trost ever had a daughter, or even left any relatives behind her, until something like three years ago when I was called upon to investigate an obviously outrageous claim which was being made upon an insurance company in respect of an alleged Rubens picture which was said to have been stolen from a house in the West End of London. It had been insured for £1,500, and undoubtedly the insurance company was to blame for accepting the risk without definitely ascertaining the authenticity of the picture.

The bogus burglary

I came upon the scene when a "burglary" had taken place at the lady's house, and when I went to see her I soon scented a mystery. Naturally, I did not know in the beginning that I was dealing with the daughter of Bertha Trost. The woman I saw was a smartly dressed little creature, as self-possessed as they make them, who gave me to understand with many sly smiles and winks that if I liked to substantiate her claim for £1,500 there would be a first-class picking for myself, in addition to sundry other perquisites which need not be mentioned in detail.

But I wasn't having any. I wanted to know where the Rubens had come from,

where she had bought it, and what she had given for it. Obviously, I said, if it was genuine it would have a history and could easily be traced. Furthermore, if her claim was not bogus she should make no difficulty in giving me all the necessary particulars.

But this the lady would not have at all.

I am offered strange bribes

"Come on," she said ingratiatingly. "have a drink and let us talk business. What does it matter to you if your insurance company pays me £1,500? I'll tell you what I'll do," she continued, "I'll give you £500 for yourself. Is that a deal?"

"No, it is not," I replied. "If you can't tell me anything more I'm going back to report that your claim is a fraud from beginning to end."

Then the lady got down to real business. She gave me to understand that her house was a favourite resort of some of the nicest girls in London. Also, in a whisper, if at any time I wanted any "dope," she could supply it to me without the slightest trouble. Only I must be sensible, which, fully interpreted, meant that I was to be party to a conspiracy to obtaining £1,500 by fraud.

I retired from the scene leaving behind me a very angry woman, who threatened to take proceedings in the courts if she were not paid the value of her Rubens at once.

"You must please yourself about that," was my parting shot. "Of course, you realise that enquiries will be set on foot."

For some little time nothing more was heard about the matter, and then there came a solicitor's letter demanding immediate payment of the £1,500, in default of which a writ would be issued.

"Tell them to get on with it," I advised the insurance company.

The writ duly arrived and I then began to get busy. The numerous avenues of information which I had at my disposal soon gave me to understand that Mrs. Annie Fletcher, of Upper George Street, W., was a very unlikely person to possess a picture by Rubens known as "The Adulteress Before Christ."

In fact, even the tenancy of her house was the subject of considerable hostile comment on the part of the neighbours. They had strongly objected to the innumerable motor-cars which were to be found standing outside in the early hours of the morning when most respectable people had gone home to bed.

Nor was the cause either baccarat or chemin-de-fer. If report were true, Mrs. Fletcher's house was nothing more or less than a resort of some of the worst people in London, whose secret vices made it advisable for them to be birds of passage.

The height of infamy

In several of the numerous night clubs to which I belong—they are very useful to me in my business—I discovered many other things.

To my great astonishment, I was informed that Mrs. Fletcher was actually a daughter of the notorious Bertha Trost, and that she was in a fair way towards

emulating the exploits of her infamous mother. Although she was only about thirty-three years of age, she already had a grown-up daughter who was at a fashionable school in the south of England.

According to the story which I gleaned from various sources, Mrs. Fletcher accounted for the presence of her child by saying that she had been married at the age of fifteen, a statement which might have been true—and might not. A female friend, unaware of the reason for my inquiries, related to me quite another story.

The house in Upper George Street possessed a terrible reputation. It was nothing but a trap for wealthy men, where they might be enticed into compromising situations by which they could afterwards be blackmailed. Cocaine and heroin were always on sale and Mrs. Fletcher was making quite a worthy successor to her never-to-be-forgotten mother.

However, these were just illuminating sidelights on the more pressing matter of the missing Rubens. No doubt a burglary had taken place, because the police substantiated the fact, but it seems to have been one of those robberies in which the thief had known exactly what to take, and when the victim was a woman of Mrs. Fletcher's reputation then it became a not unreasonable supposition that she and the burglar were not exactly strangers. The Rubens was supposed to have been kept locked away in a safe and it was the only thing of any real value that was missing.

A timely clue

Things began to happen before very long. A youth who was serving his apprenticeship in the profession immortalised by the late Mr. William Sikes had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police. Some one suggested to him that open confession was good for the soul, and it was while he was serving a sentence in a Borstal institution that he made mention of a robbery in which he had been commissioned to steal a picture from a house in Upper George Street!

Pressed further, the boy told a most explicit story of how he had met a good-looking little woman who gave him £10, and the promise of another £20, if he made his way into a certain house, and there went to a certain room, in which would be found a small picture. Everybody would be out and it would be simply a case of money for nothing.

So naturally our budding burglar jumped at the chance. The £1,500 Rubens duly vanished and in due time the insurance company involved received the claim for its alleged value. Probably the boy would not have confessed to the truth had he been paid his money, but, sad to relate, the lady "bilked" him.

Other interesting little facts also came to light. Enquiries among the London picture-dealers disclosed that "The Adulteress Before Christ" had been sold at Christie's only a year or two previously for a guinea, which was certainly its full value, because it was nothing more or less than a copy of a famous original.

All these facts, with the addition of a detailed history of Mrs. Fletcher, were care-



The bogus burglar
entering to steal
the picture

fully gathered by me and on the strength of them the insurance company decided to fight the claim. She found friends to finance the action on the supposition that she was certain to win.

But what a shock the lady did receive! Her counsel opened her case and called his evidence, and the jury empanelled to try the case imagined that there would be no undue delay in coming to a decision. But who should be called into the witness box but the young gentleman who had been commissioned to steal the Rubens!

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget Mrs. Fletcher's face when we suddenly produced young Mr. Sikes. She stared at him as though he were a ghost, because up to then she was sublimely ignorant of the fact that he had been caught for other offences and was even then serving a sentence of imprisonment.

The lady herself, while in the box, cut up very badly under cross-examination. A little, but not all, of her murky past was put to her, just sufficient to show the jury the sort of woman it was dealing with.

But up to now it has never been divulged who she really is. The case collapsed, and the insurance company did not bother about bringing a charge of conspiracy, as it might very well have done.

Soon after Mrs. Fletcher had left the court after the hearing of this remarkable case she had a very distressing experience, though not by any means as bad as it might have been and, as many people believed, would turn out to be.

Dropped by her friends

True, Mrs. Fletcher's reputation has been somewhat tarnished as a result. The people who were wont to patronise her house of assignation became rather shy of being associated with the daughter of the notorious Bertha Trost.

She is still to be seen around the West End, expensively dressed as of yore, always lunching in the best restaurants and ready to do anything for money. In every respect she is a typical example of the degenerate German, of whom we used to hear a great deal in years gone by. No doubt Scotland Yard would find it very difficult to convict her, because the people for whom she caters could not be dragged into a court of law under any pretext.

Next week I will tell an amazing story of two blackmailing wives and how a bigamous marriage with one of them cost a French count £45,000. One of these women is now in London, and her history will be disclosed here for the first time.

Candid Communications

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I want your undertaking that Great Britain shall be properly represented at the forthcoming conference at Geneva on the protection of women and children. The moral and physical perils to which women and girls are exposed through the operation of the white slave traffic and other sinister agencies are perfectly appalling. Strong international action, backed by the whole authority of the British Government, will check these abuses. I cannot believe that you are indifferent to a matter so closely touching the honour and safety of British womanhood.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Reports from all parts of the country warn us of an unprecedented plague of mosquitoes being imminent. In the overcrowded state of housing, and in view of the fact that these insects are proved carriers of disease, it is highly probable that epidemics will break out. But this may be prevented, as has been done in the tropics, by dealing with stagnant waters and cleaning out breeding-places. The responsibility is yours.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord HEWART OF BURY,
Royal Courts of Justice.

DEAR LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,—Under your independent guidance the Court of Criminal Appeal is firmly justifying its existence. Not long ago in the course of a single day you reduced the sentences of two prisoners, quashed the conviction of another, and gave four applicants leave to appeal against heavy terms of penal servitude. Such a record says much for the foresight of those who argued for the establishment of a Criminal Appeal Court, which in the wise hands of modern judges is among the chief safeguards of our civil liberties. Why so many revisions of judgment should be necessary is another and a sadder story.

JOHN BULL.

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Sir ESME HOWARD,
British Ambassador to the United States.

DEAR SIR ESME,—It is good to find an Ambassador who can employ the language of truth. In pleading for a "sympathetic understanding" in the United States of our European difficulties you may have gone beyond the limits of formal diplomacy, but you struck a note of humanity which should evoke a generous response. Evidently you believe that "honesty is the best policy" in diplomacy as well as in commerce. I congratulate you on your pluck and wisdom.

JOHN BULL.

To LORD LAMBOURNE,
Chairman, R.S.P.C.A.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the mammoth circus in Wembley Stadium a stag-hunt will be staged. In your opinion this mimic hunt is cruel, because the stags will be frightened to death, and debasing because of the thousands who will witness it. I emphatically agree. You are raising the question at the next meeting of your society. Please carry the matter before the Government. To the British public the hunting of tame stags has long been considered disgusting and abhorrent.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. H. SEAL,
H.M. Inspector of Factories.

SIR,—Having been the first to call attention to the shocking number of fatal accidents due to defective building scaffolding, I welcome your assurance that the Home Office has framed new regulations on this subject which will shortly be put into force. The thing that puzzles me is why it has taken the authorities all these years to adopt such simple life-saving precautions. Let us hope that past neglect will be redeemed by a stringent application of the new rules.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice ROWLANDS,
Aberdare.

DEAR SIR,—Very rightly you have awarded the dependents of the unfortunate men killed in the Blaengarw explosion compensation in sums ranging from £100 to £300, remarking that, although the dead miners had wilfully broken regulations, death was sufficient punishment. Cheers greeted your decision. I am not surprised. That the colliery company, at such a time, should set up any defence reflects upon their official lack of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P.,
New College, Oxford.

DEAR SIR,—Your interest ranges over a wide variety of subjects, including the presentation of national characteristics in music and folk dances. You appeal for a memorial to the late Cecil Sharp in the form of a dance-hall for classes and demonstration. It will cost £25,000. As things are such expenditure is wasteful and unnecessary. It is the duty of every M.P. to put first the question of housing for the people, who are herded worse than cattle in rooms and tenements not fit for habitation. A country clothed and fed, properly housed and educated, produces song and dance that is an expression of itself.

JOHN BULL.

To LORD KENYON,
President, Agricultural Wages Board.

DEAR SIR,—Your board has met and made orders fixing the minimum wages for the agricultural labourers of three counties. I am distressed at the scale. What sort of decent life, think you, will a rate of 8d. and 10d. per hour secure to a married man with a family, and how can you expect young men to stay in the country when 30s. per week is the most they can earn? Minimum wages fixed by wages boards usually become the maximum in all the industries concerned. No wonder agriculture declines.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES CAREW,
Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—After selling half your share in the Calcutta Sweep you still receive about £19,000 through Manna's success. Big wins are part of every Derby Day's uncertain luck, but I am honestly glad of yours. Having no children of your own you have adopted a large family of 350 little orphan children at Nazareth House. They are the first to benefit from your increase of fortune. There was lusty cheering by the kiddies when they heard of it. They will never forget their benefactor and no man need wish a better biographer.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.:—Conscience requires a lot of training where taxes are concerned.

The Parliamentary records of statesmen suggest that conscience seldom gets it.

JACK JONES, M.P.:—I am more subject to correction than anything else.

And precious little good it seems to do you.

SIR A. STEEL-MAITLAND:—Only a Scotsman can produce a platitude and pretend it is a discovery. Easy criticism, coming from a Ministry producing nothing at all.

MR. J. R. CLYNES:—No country has better workmen than we have.

Nor fails so dismally in making use of them.



The Cabinet resumes Work after the Whitsun Recess.

Without Fear or Favour

CHURCHILL TELLS A WHOPPER!

Dangerous Doctrines

SPEAKING the other day at the Royal Institute of Public Health Lord Leconfield, who is Lord Lieutenant of Sussex and President of the Institute, said it was a terrible thing that so many young children were allowed to go without being vaccinated. He did not think, he added, that any of them ought to rest until they had vaccination made compulsory.

We have many times exposed the terrible consequences that may ensue from vaccination, and we invite his lordship to consider the latest case.

The Lambeth Board of Guardians are to hold an enquiry into the serious allegations made regarding the vaccination of two twin girls aged ten months, inmates of the parish schools.

Despite the fact that the father had obtained certificates of exemption these babies were, it is alleged, summarily vaccinated by the guardians' medical officer.

One of the twins was afterwards admitted to the infirmary and died there, and the other is still in the infirmary. The father further alleges that immediately after vaccination both children began to develop tuberculosis.

In the leading medical book, "System of Medicine," the late Sir Thomas Allbutt gives a terrible list of diseases that may be expected from vaccination. Included in this list is venereal disease.

What has Lord Leconfield to say?

We think it a grave abuse of privilege when a man in his position uses an official eminence to propagate scare-mongering theories.

What is a terrible thing is the lack of an impartial enquiry into a question so fraught with danger to health.

Political Piffle

WE remember Mr. Baldwin saying some time ago that he was never influenced in the slightest degree by anything a political opponent said on the platform.

We thought then that it was a very cruel exposure of the tricks of the trade by one who was decidedly "in the know"!

Now we have to thank Mr. Baldwin again for stating our whole case against the politicians.

Replying to an attack on the Budget he said that the method employed by the Leader of the Opposition left him cold, because his speech bore an astonishing resemblance to the speeches of the Opposition, whatever Government might be in office. The House laughed, but we can see nothing amusing in it.

While politicians debate and argue, scoring beautiful points against each other, the problems remain unsolved.

Academic debates and time-wasting pleasantries are no substitute for getting on with the job.

If it comes to that we could turn the tables and say that Mr. Baldwin's own speech bore an astonishing resemblance to the speeches of the Prime Minister whatever Government might be in office.

Big Treasury Swindle

BRITISH air-raid victims have received only £5,000,000 of the £36,000,000 collected from Germany in reparations. The Government have misappropriated the balance. Until a square deal is given, honest men will hold them in contempt

WE declare the British Treasury to be guilty of a long-term fraud. The victims of the swindle are the air-raid and other civilian sufferers of the war.

Thousands of these unfortunate people who suffered loss of property or person at the hands of the Germans have been cheated of their just compensation. Only a fraction of the money collected on their behalf from Germany has been paid.

The Treasury have defaulted with the balance, which totals the colossal figure of £31,000,000, and have announced their intention of filching another £8,000,000.

Let us recapitulate the facts. From 1916 onward the Government asked for details of claims, which in due course totalled some £44,000,000. This bill was duly presented to Germany. Suddenly in May, 1920, they calmly announced they would advance £5,000,000 against reparations to be collected from Germany, and this would be all that claimants would receive.

To make promises is a habit in politics; to break them is a tradition, and at the end of three years the public learned that only £66,000 had been wrung from the Royal Commission appointed to settle with the creditors.

Ultimately, the £5,000,000 was paid against claims which amounted to £44,000,000, but not before a sum of £36,000,000 had been obtained from Germany. Being immune from both the bankruptcy and criminal laws, the Treasury could be forced neither to produce such books as would account for the balance, nor to stand in the dock should a charge of fraudulent conversion be warranted.

THE majority of the claimants, it is admitted, received payment, but only for 10 per cent. of their losses. Hundreds were dismissed without a penny piece.

The opportunity of fully stating their cases, and the satisfaction of learning on what grounds their claims had been rejected, were alike denied. The Commissioners themselves admitted that the claims on a whole were honest.

One of the bodies formed to press for justice—the English Air-Raid Sufferers' Association—approached Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, through a prominent member of Parliament. The latter received an astonishing reply.

"I have great sympathy for cases of this kind," wrote the Chancellor, "and went into the matter very carefully soon after I came to the Treasury."

"I came to the conclusion, however, that we cannot depart from the decision of preceding Governments that the sum of £5,000,000 already allocated to these claims (with a further £300,000 for belated claimants) must be regarded as the extreme limit of what we can do for them. As you will know, this sum has enabled substantial grants to be made in all these cases."

EARLY in his career, before the flower of his political genius had burst into the full bloom that is now the wonder, if not the pride, of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Winston Churchill coined a famous phrase. A statement which he did not deem to have been borne out by facts he described as a "terminological inexactitude."

We regret that the last sentence quoted from Mr. Churchill's letter did not come from one of his opponents. We should have relished his definition. As it is, we doubt if the full facts of this amazing muddle are known to the Chancellor. Otherwise, even he would hardly have been guilty of such an amazing "terminological inexactitude."



The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

Things Move

SINCE we first advocated the establishment in this country of a "Cash on Delivery" system things have moved at a pace unusual in a matter that concerns a Government.

As we announced a short time ago, the National C.O.D. and Housewives' Protection Association has been formed under the presidency of Sir Alfred Knox. The Earl of Denbigh has now joined the Council, as have Sir Henry Cantley, K.C., M.P., Major S. E. Harvey, M.P., and Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P.

We are now able to state that the Ministry of Agriculture, as well as the Post Office, is keenly in favour of the establishment of a "Cash on Delivery" system, and the Government is making inquiries as to the possibility of an early inauguration of the scheme.

We agree with Lord Lucan, who, speaking for the Government in the House of Lords, said that the Post Office thought such a system would be simple and practical.

Already working successfully in forty countries, including several British Colonies, the C.O.D. has proved its value beyond any possibility of doubt.

In Germany, in 1913, no fewer than 74,000,000 parcels to the value of £78,000,000 were so delivered.

The National C.O.D. Council is drafting a Bill which Sir Alfred Knox will shortly introduce into Parliament.

Whether it is adopted by the Government depends solely on the amount of public support behind the scheme.

The readers of JOHN BULL can bring C.O.D. into existence. It is only necessary to write to us and give support to the idea.

Opening Eyes

WE have always believed that sooner or later sane birth control would come to be recognised as an essential factor in rearing a healthy nation.

Birth control is, of course, already practised—and practised extensively. We have consistently objected to such knowledge being restricted to the wealthier classes of the community.

If contraceptive methods are eugenically sound in Mayfair they are even more sound in Bethnal Green. To-day the nation is breeding from its worst stock simply because prudery and red tape withhold vital knowledge from the mothers who stand most in need.

It is a significant sign of the trend of public opinion that the officials and committee of the Abertillery and District Hospital have now established the first official Birth Control Clinic in the country. In this crowded mining district scientific information and instruction will be at disposal.

The profound national significance of this move cannot be exaggerated. It will now be increasingly difficult for the Ministry of Health to maintain its obdurate attitude and prevent its own medical officers and nursing staff from giving information which is urgently required and which so many of its own staff desire to give.



The Wild Man of the Cabinet

WHILST politicians are wrangling over matters of minor importance, the urgent domestic legislation that the nation sorely needs hangs fire. The Prime Minister has spoken smooth words; the time for action is now overdue

by
**A. G.
GARDINER**

A. G. Gardiner, who last week dealt with the Government's foreign policy, now deals with home affairs

IN my enquiry last week as to how Mr. Baldwin is getting along with his job, I dealt only with external affairs. I should like to take up the tale this week by asking what progress he is making at home. On this point the record is like the curate's egg—it is good in parts. I think it would be better if Mr. Baldwin were a more forceful man and had the power of imposing his own views on his colleagues. For I trust him more than I trust his colleagues—Mr. Churchill, for example.

Mr. Churchill is a very brilliant man, and a very dangerous man. He has great will-power, great energy, great ambition and no judgment. He would be incomparable as a first officer, giving the impressions of his busy mind—and doing what he was told to do.

But I would not trust him to captain a steam-tug. For if he only captained a steam-tug he would want to make it the most sensational steam-tug that ever hugged the coast. It was hoped—and I shared the hope—that at the Treasury, where his business was not to spend on adventures but to prevent others from spending, he might do useful work.

The silk-stocking strangle

But, in his eagerness to be popular with everybody, he has succeeded in imperilling most vital interests. If we apply to his Budget the test which we employed last week it must be pronounced a blunder. That test was whether Government policy tended to improve our trade and industrial conditions.

No one pretends that the Budget will do that. All expert opinion is agreed that it will do the precise contrary. There is not an authoritative voice from any quarter which has not declared that the tax on artificial silk is an attack on a great, new and most promising industry, which, in the general depression of things, was almost the one really bright spot in trade.

It is clear that Mr. Churchill did not consult responsible opinion on the subject. No doubt that is difficult. If you give a hint of what you are going to do you give a tip to people who may exploit the knowledge for their own advantage.

But there are ways of learning things discreetly, and it ought not to be possible for a Chancellor to blunder into a great business in entire ignorance.

Silver lining in the offing

Having blundered in, Mr. Churchill is now trying to blunder half-out, only to discover that you cannot halve the consequences by halving the causes. The widows' pensions are an eminently desirable thing, but the point is that they do not lighten the burden on industry but increase it.

These are only typical illustrations of ways in which the Budget not only fails to help the recovery of trade, but impedes the recovery.

On the other hand, Mr. Baldwin has done excellent work. His sane and statesmanlike appeals to Capital and Labour to face the depression in industry as a common interest have had a most marked effect. I do not attribute all that is happening to his action. Much of it

is due to the natural working of forces, but his initiative has given the impulse.

There are evidences from many quarters of a change of mind in the direction that Mr. Baldwin has urged coming into operation, with the result that many acute observers believe that the turn in the tide is not distant. Authorities in the coal and iron trade whom I have consulted anticipate that the cloud will lift in the autumn.

The lone, lone voice

The basis of this calculation is simple. It is estimated that demand and supply are so nearly balanced that an increase of 5 per cent. in trade would make the difference between depression and boom. Any real impulse will extinguish the adverse margin, and symptoms are not wanting that the impulse is coming.

It is coming from both sides. In the case of Labour there is a marked reaction from the ca'canny policy, especially in the coalfields, and Mr. A. J. Cook, I venture to think, will find himself a voice crying in the wilderness.

The men are coming to realise that the scheme of the extremists, that by depressing the trade by low production they will force nationalisation, is having disastrous results for themselves. It is not a question of whether nationalisation is desirable in the long run or undesirable. Personally, I believe that some sort of statutory control, such as we now exercise over the railways, is preferable.

But the point is that the policy of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs because it is not the particular colour we fancy is found to be as bad for Labour as for Capital, and it is significant that in South Wales there is a hostile feeling growing up among the women towards that policy.

To send juvenile offenders to prison should be the last, not the first, resort.

MEN who have spent their lives in the study and practice of legal quibbles and quiddities and who have been trained to maintain an attitude of cold judicial superiority to the frailties of the common herd are not usually very responsive to the sentimental appeals of philanthropists.



Mr. Justice Greer, who says he enforced without stint or leniency for first offenders decreases crime.

Thus the movement towards greater leniency in the treatment of first offences against the law has not hitherto been regarded with a very sympathetic eye by the judges of the High Court. To these very learned gentlemen a crime is a crime and nothing more nor less; and if the law has been transgressed then the penalties provided for such transgression must be enforced without stint or doubt or ruth. It is not for them to consider why people commit trespasses against the law. It is not for them to consider that the guilt may be due to bad sanitation, ignorance, unhealthy or excessive labour, miserable and vile surroundings. It is not for them to consider that if the malefactors had health and hope and decent conditions of life they might improve as flowers improve in good soil and sunshine.

That fact is already beginning to tell and it will tell more as the feeling spreads, as it certainly will, for in the end it is the women who suffer and will insist on having the last word.

It is calculated that if coal were reduced 5s. a ton the revival of the steel trade in Sheffield and elsewhere would certainly follow, and the present advantage of Belgium, for example, would disappear.

Now if coal output were brought up to a reasonable pre-war standard, and if in addition the men would agree to an eight-hour day and a five-day week, in place of a seven-hour day and a six-day week (gaining two hours a week on the transaction), the price of coal would be brought within the necessary limits.

The change of mind which is taking place can effect this without question, and the change will be all the more rapid if the employers on their side take the men into their confidence as to the facts of the trade and secure their confidence that they are getting a square deal. It is that lack of confidence in the past which has been the source of so much trouble, especially in South Wales.

Now for the upward trend

We want a change of mentality on both sides, and I think there is a prospect of getting it, not only in the coal trade, but in the building trade, from which I get reports of improved output, and also other industries.

It is not unreasonable, in view of the facts, to believe that we have learned our lesson, and that we have touched bottom, and Mr. Baldwin, as Prime Minister, is entitled to high praise for his share in setting the machinery of a good understanding in motion.

BANG 'EM

The learned judges act mechanically. They dispense sentences as if they were issuing tickets for soup. They seldom discriminate or make allowances. If they were told that at least a third of the people now in prison ought never to have been sent there, that a judge's golden rule should be never to send any man to jail if it be possible to avoid it, and that penal servitude is a deplorable waste of humanity, the majority of High Court judges would be amazed, shocked, and indignant.

BUT, even amongst the big-wigs, the modern idea of tempering the law with discreet clemency, of proportioning the sentence to the particular offence, of seeking to cure rather than to strike terror, is making distinct and gratifying progress.

Notable evidence of the change in tone was supplied by Mr. Justice Greer in his speech at the annual meeting of the St. Giles's Christian Mission, a society which tries to help juvenile offenders, discharged prisoners, and their wives and children.

Mr. Justice Greer acclaimed this work as appealing "very specially" to him, and added the reflection—remarkable in coming from a judge of the High Court—that "going round as he did on assize, the wonder was not that there was so much crime, but that there was so little."

Most important of all was his admission that the increased leniency in the case of first offenders had unquestionably led to a decrease of crime.

The Boy in Chains

THE enthusiasm of youth is needed for the good of the country, but, in the words of Byron:
*"... thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom."*

by
**"A GENTLEMAN
 WITH A DUSTER"**



The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who has endorsed our contributor's views on unemployed youth

IN old days it was said, "A man eats his dinner and forgets his wrongs." But the youth of our day has no dinner to eat, and the morrow's breakfast is far more likely to consist of hot air than cold bacon.

How long, then, will it be before we hear his voice demanding his rights? Because I think it would put blood into our anæmic politics if youth lifted up his voice against the system which confronts the threshold of manhood with a dead wall. I venture to suggest to him that he should not delay much longer to frame his indictment.

But, first of all, let us consider what is the nature of a dead wall. It is something a good deal less stimulating than an obstacle. A man living in the midst of prosperity and absorbing work, who suddenly learns from a doctor that he is stricken with incurable cancer, understands the true meaning of a dead wall.

A miner's wife, singing a song to her children as she puts them to bed, understands the true meaning of a dead wall when a neighbour bursts in with the news that her man has been killed in the pit.

Shackled, hand and foot

A dead wall means an end, a termination; it means that there is nothing to look forward to; it means abiding and unchangeable calamity.

Oldish people must expect, and should bear bravely, these dark endings to their joys; but who that has kept his humanity will say that such also is the natural lot of youth? At the dawn of life who looks to see a sunset? On the threshold of a journey who peers about to find a grave? Before the meal is begun who expects to see the dishes taken away?

Youth is now confronted by just such a dead wall as closes round an old man at the end of his

days. It is a wall which youth can neither scale nor break down. Moreover, it is not a wall from which he can withdraw. It surrounds him. It is, indeed, a prison. He leaves childhood behind him, takes a brave step forward to manhood, his head full of dreams and his heart full of courage, and comes face to face with this dead wall.

And while he marks its menacing masonry, and touches with trembling hands its solid stone, he hears the voices of politicians on the further side, either quarrelling with one another over a mere meaningless nothing, or else sinking their partisan differences to belaud one another as statesmen of the highest wisdom.

Demands of youth

Now I suggest to the young men of the nation that they should begin to shout behind their prison wall, and that they should continue to shout until they succeed in making their voices heard above the profitless cackle of the politicians. I believe that if they shout their wrongs into the ears of civilisation, it will be better not only for them but for all the rest of us.

They should say to the politicians, "Civilisation demands of men a strong control over their animal vitality. We were taught as children to master our passions, and encouraged to believe that temperance is a nobler thing than licence. But to what end? That we might better enjoy our manhood when it came to us."

"Money in the bank is better than a furred tongue and a burning head, if there is a home to look forward to; and chastity is a better thing than loose living, if there is a woman to share that home with us."

"But of what avail is our thrift, and to what purpose is our moral cleanliness, if we break the apron-

strings which tied us to our mother only to find that we are chained to a dead wall?

"Youth is told to be modest, to listen to its elders, to accept guidance; but this implies that the elders know two things—how to speak wisely, how to guide sanely."

"Listen to us. We do not cry for the moon. We do not ask for comfortable houses, a good income, and plenty of time to enjoy ourselves. We ask, first and foremost, for work. We want to earn our own living. We want to live as all honest men have lived from the beginning of time, by hard work, and in the comfort and joy of domestic peace. We want a wife. We want a house. We want children."

"These things are rights, not luxuries; and we are prepared to work for them. What we are not prepared to do is to bow our head against this prison-wall that you have built round us, and patiently to wait in this cell till you have forgotten our existence."

"We do not intend to be England's Prisoner of Chillon, nor do we mean to appear before your successors as Rip Van Winkle. We will not sleep away our manhood. We will not accept a dungeon for our place in God's universe. We demand life, liberty, and labour."

Full purse, empty workshops

Is there anything unreasonable in this demand? The British Empire is not shrunk to the dimensions of the Isle of Wight, nor is the purse of England so empty that she cannot find plentiful money for the foreign borrower. Further, the whole landscape of the British Empire is at present little more than a rough sketch; certainly it is not a finished picture.

There is work to be done upon it which will occupy centuries and absorb the labours of a population hundreds of times greater than the present numbers.

Do not, then, say that economic law disallows the demand of youth; economic law is crying out for youth's labour, and it is the cowardice of the politicians and the muddling of the statesmen which alone prevent youth from supplying that demand.

Very tragic is the condition of youth in these days of creeping paralysis in industry and unimaginative statesmanship. The streets of all our cities are thronged by boys and girls to whom the future offers nothing but despair.

The workless generation

The natural zest of their years is being trodden down into the mire of those dark cities; the natural dreams of their springtime are fast assuming the spectral shape of nightmares. There is a cynical bitterness hardening those young hearts; a fierce madness corrupting the thoughts of those young minds.

These boys and girls, for whom no one seems to care, will help to make the next generation of the British people. Is there a farmer in our island who pays less attention to his lambs, soon to be slain, than our statesmen pay to these our children—the future fathers and mothers of the British race?

INTO PRISON

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON
 ("Dangle")

He confessed that judges were apt to regard a boy's relapse into crime after a spell in the reformatory as indicating the failure of the system, but, he declared, "it was nothing of the kind"; and, in support of this view, he stated his conviction, based on his own personal enquiries, that 70 per cent. of the Borstal boys come out reformed characters.

This is indeed a significant testimonial to the efficacy of the new methods. That they have failed in many cases is unhappily true. Mr. Cairns, who presides over the Thames Court, has lately told us of woeful failures in the case of youthful offenders whom he had taken into his own house by way of experiment.

HE found in these cases that neither heredity nor environment wholly accounted for the boy's perversity. But he admitted that unemployment was a powerful cause of relapse, and he found, as one might have expected, that the military and naval Services provided the most hopeful chance of redemption.

That is, of course, the plain and obvious truth. Normal, healthy, high-spirited boys, born and bred in filthy slums, with no scope for their adventurous instincts, with no parental restraint or discipline, with the example of vice and villainy constantly thrust upon their impressionable young minds, are either remarkably good or extremely lucky if they "go straight."

Even the provision of a public playground in a densely populated slum quarter has been found to diminish the charges in the local juvenile courts.

Now Mr. Justice Greer clinches the argument by assuring us that at Borstal, where something like free play is afforded to the normal instincts of young offenders, nearly three-quarters are cured.

WE unhappily cannot dispense with prisons. There are individuals who have never acquired the social sense and seem incapable of acquiring it. Some never had or have lost the sense of good and evil, and actually take pride in anti-social acts.

Others are slaves of unbridled elementary passions, or have become incapable of resistance to temptation because of inveterate habit in yielding to it. Others are simply covetous and greedy, embryo profiteers and company promoters who have missed their vocation, and, having had no chance of attaining to the House of Lords, drift instead to the penitentiary.

But the great mass of first offenders become habitual criminals only because no effort has been made to reclaim them. Prison is a powerful deterrent to those who have never been there; but when the shame and disgrace of it have once been overcome, the deterrent loses its power.

The golden rule for all judges and magistrates, I repeat, should be never to send any individual to jail if there be any human possibility of avoiding it.

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SCANDAL OF GOVT. WASTE

WHILE many social reforms are held up through lack of funds and the taxpayers' burden is crushing, appalling waste of public money is still a crying scandal

by The Right Hon. **WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P.**

SOME months ago £5,000 was stolen from the strong room of the Public Trustee. Questions were asked in Parliament, but the thief was never traced. British taxpayers footed the bill.

The incident suggests the question as to how much the British people lose every year by fraud, trickery, misapplication of funds, honest and quasi-honest blunders. There is nothing private about this matter. In bulky volumes of the Appropriation Accounts the Comptroller and Auditor-General deals faithfully with it. But few members of Parliament, and hardly any members of the general public, delve into such recesses.

Only in an infinitesimal number of cases do these incidents concern Civil servants. We have the finest Civil Service in the world. Here and there it has a black sheep, but much more frequently it is imposed upon by wily outsiders. Let us take the accounts for 1923-24 for a mass of somewhat startling illustration.

The taxpayer pays

That year, in the Public Trustee's Department, the taxpayers had to provide £10,775 as compromise of a claim for technical breach of trust. That was due to the appointment in 1917 of an unsuitable person to be managing director of a private company formed by a testator for carrying on a business. It should be added that this occurred at a time of great pressure in the department. Further, the losses are very small in proportion to the great volume of business transacted.

About the same time the State had to shoulder £11,585 of bad debts, due to tenants of publicly run housing schemes failing to pay their rents. Some of them were hardship cases; others probably never intended to pay. In any event, the taxpayer did.

Sometimes other Governments take it out of us to some tune. In 1920 the High Commissioner of Iraq was summoned home by the quickest available route. The Government of India lent a vessel for a portion of the journey. For its use they requested over £1,600, or at the rate of £150 a day for the time occupied by that part of the journey.

It was shown that the vessel was doing very much her usual work. The claim was built up of pay and rations for the crew, stores, fuel and water consumed, and 4 per cent. depreciation charge on the capital value of the vessel. The Colonial Office protested. It was no good; the British people paid.

Lost in the desert

Then there are many adventures in Arabia. In 1917-18 over £47,000 was disbursed on a mission to the Sultan of Nejd. That gentleman had had a monthly subsidy of £5,000 since January, 1917, but out of this fresh total he got nearly £40,000 in payments, and over £6,000 was used for presents distributed on the journey.

There was no authority for this expenditure. There were no receipts from the recipients; there is an official statement to the effect that "certain payments of considerable magnitude appear to be entirely unvouched."

In this way, while we are struggling to find resources for widows' pensions at home, our money disappears in the desert.

In connection with the war-time use of hotels and other buildings for public purposes there are many unhappy tales. Take, for example, the £1,138 paid from public funds when the National War Savings Committee gave up the occupancy of an hotel. That amount represented the proportion paid for furniture and other items missing on the surrender of the premises.

It's your money they stole

The same accounts include innumerable items of smaller individual amount, but substantial aggregate. An assistant timekeeper in one of the buildings, entrusted with the payment of wages, stole £56. Five tarpaulins were lent by the Stationery Office for use at the Harrow Press. The fact that they could not be traced cost the taxpayers £45.

When the Farmfield State Institution was vacated by the Board of Control £26 odd went for furniture and fittings that were missing. In another sphere £40 was advanced to a temporary Foreign Office clerk proceeding to Marseilles on private business, but asked to convey certain official dispatches.

No account of the expenses was rendered. The clerk was found to be without resources, and the claim to refund was abandoned.

Light fingers— heavy cost

Defalcations by a clerk in the Reparations Claims Department—afterwards convicted and imprisoned—cost the British people £590. Typewriters have disappeared in considerable numbers—five, for example, were abstracted from the store-room at the Clearing Office for Enemy Debts at Cornwall House. They were written off.

The owner and occupier of a farm in Lincolnshire owed the Government £3,500. He committed suicide, and as the taxpayers had only a third mortgage they, on realisation of the insolvent estate, got nothing.

About the same time £30 was written off in respect of typewriters presumed to have been stolen while held in charge by public departments; £33 worth of material was taken from the Admiralty chart department at Cricklewood and never traced; and £166 worth of unbreached calico was stolen from a Stationery Office warehouse during the same period, all efforts to discover the thief having failed.

Odd things happen in Ireland. The British people about this time paid £600 to a contractor in respect of R.I.C. uniforms stolen whilst in transit to a depot; £265 was paid to a railway company for the conveyance of R.I.C. stores for which the supporting vouchers could not be traced; while the Post Office of the Irish Free State got £1,275 for various services for which vouchers

could not be produced. Forgeries of signatures on travelling warrants also ran away with some of our pennies.

There are frequent references to frauds upon the Ministry of Pensions. The same accounts, which cover a period of only one year, contain a list of nearly 120 cases of fraud, misrepresentation, departmental error in the issue of awards, all of which together cost the taxpayers nearly £86,000. It is very small compared with the total expenditure of the Ministry, but it is by no means negligible.

Some of the frauds were simple and others ingenious. For example, treatment allowances were irregularly obtained by a man who afterwards disappeared; he cost £103. Another ran away with £263. An official of one of the committees in Ireland misappropriated £115.

Concealing the fact that she was in employment, a woman, in need of pension allowances, got £118; another forgot to state that she had re-married and obtained £160; a third drew £52 in pension in respect of a soldier to whom she had not been married.

Profitable lead— swinging

More clever was the over-issue of £227 to a man who obtained his discharge from the Army by representing an old injury as due to a gunshot wound, by which tale he obtained a permanent pension. An alternative pension was given to a discharged soldier who furnished incorrect details of his pre-war earnings. This cost the British people £384, but they may yet recover some of it.

Sometimes, of course, the irregularities were technical, but there is a depressing record of imposition on public funds, which in the circumstances probably not even the ablest official could readily have detected.

Finally, in the Middle East we lose much money that would be infinitely better employed at home. These accounts refer to theft of kit from a regiment. In another case a horse, rifles and equipment vanished; in a third stores were stolen; in a fourth even four mules were not immune from attack; in a fifth a charger disappeared. In the aggregate these few incidents cost the British taxpayers some hundreds of pounds.

No financial tale would be complete without Turkey. Almost simultaneously among kindred items there, we had to pay £377 for the loss on certain dishonoured cheques which formed part of a large number cashed by a Greek merchant in Turkey for British prisoners of war, on the security of their cheques alone.

Parliamentary plumbers wanted

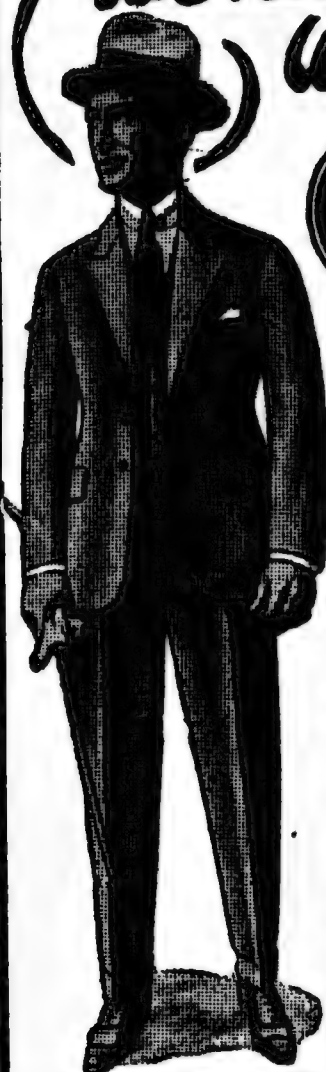
Do not let us exaggerate. On a total expenditure of over £800,000,000 annually in Great Britain all this is small. But, standing by itself, it is a very large annual sum. Even if it were smaller we should, in justice to the British people, try to stop this waste and leakage.

It would pay this country to get one or two thoroughly energetic Parliamentarians to go through the annual accounts page by page, add up all these losses, and then call upon the Government, as far as possible, to alter the general policy which makes them possible. In this the British Civil Service would willingly co-operate.



The Rt. Hon. William Graham, M.P.

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Digestion too.—Wrigley's stimulates the flow of juices necessary to digestion, thus counteracting the unpleasant symptoms of indigestion and gives a comfortable feeling after eating.

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SPEARMINT**
CHEWING SWEET



*After
every
meal*

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

BRITISH manufacturers must not hide their light under a bushel. They have the goods, but fail to inform buyers they need not go to foreign markets

by Sir CHARLES HIGHAM

THE remedy for unemployment is to sell more goods. Every new order obtained by a British manufacturer means a fresh job for British workers, and so many pounds less squandered in the demoralising "dole."

How can we sell more goods? By asking people to buy them, and not just hoping that they will. We must erect the motto "Sell More" into a national slogan, and insist that the Government shall place all its resources at the disposal of traders.

The Board of Trade must be made to function in a manner worthy of its name. By means of credit facilities and a first-class intelligence service the Government might do ten times as much as it is doing to stimulate British trade.

Napoleon called us "a nation of shopkeepers." Very well; there is nothing to be ashamed of. The British Empire is a vast commercial organisation and the Cabinet should be its board of directors.

To sell more goods is a matter of life and death for the working population of Great Britain. The Government should join hands with private enterprise and organise a massed attack upon the trade that is waiting to be won.

A commercial challenge

If the Germans had spent one-hundredth part of what the war cost them in the development of commerce they would long before now have had us "whacked to the wide." The danger is not over.

Her people have devoted infinite study to the arts of salesmanship, and in five years' time they will have highly trained salesmen in every city of the world. These ambassadors of German trade will receive every assistance from their Government, whose next bid for conquest will be in the markets of the world.

Now a word to British manufacturers. "Heaven helps those who help them-

selves" is a wise old adage, and without waiting for belated Government action there is much our business men can do.

First of all, every manufacturer of British goods should appeal to the people to buy goods made in our own land in preference to the products of foreign labour. There is room for a national campaign in favour of patriotic shopping.

Unnatural expectation

Most British products are better than the output of other countries, and no more expensive.

Why do we not buy them? Frequently because we are not asked to. The British advertiser too often neglects to appeal to the human and patriotic instincts of the people, who if only they understood the matter would jump at the opportunity to employ British labour and lessen the hated "dole."

British men and women love their country as much as or more than the citizens of any other land; but, if the importance of the distinction between British and foreign goods is never brought home to their consciences, how can we expect them to spend their money wisely?

We have an Economic Council on Unemployment sitting, but when its report will be hatched Heaven alone knows. Yet the House of Commons, we are told, is "alive" to the tragedy of the situation. Why is not a vivid, practical policy launched? Let us set aside a sum of money with which to tell our own country and the world the advantage of buying British-made goods.

I know at least a dozen firms which

could double the number of their workpeople if only patriotic citizens would buy genuine British articles. One of these concerns already employs 14,000 workpeople and, given a fighting chance, would soon find jobs for 14,000 more!

The world's markets are open to us. America wants our goods in a number of special lines. There are hundreds of manufacturers who could employ twice as many workpeople as they employ to-day if only they would "buck up," and go after the United States markets.

Again, take the Argentine, where the Prince of Wales is shortly to arrive as an Ambassador of Empire. If a distinguished American were about to land in the Argentine, and if it were likely that his reception would excite one quarter of the enthusiasm that will greet the Prince, every American firm would have representatives on the spot making preparations.

Buck up and get busy

How many British firms are getting busy in the Argentine in readiness for the Prince's visit? Not many; but those who do will get the business. The Argentine is going to be "lit up" from end to end by the visit of the Prince of Wales. He is going to be the talk of every man, woman and child in that country; while British tradesmen are sitting at home wondering if business will ever come back, instead of going out to get it.

At Harrogate, in July next, British advertisers are setting an example which the Government might well follow. They are holding the first British Advertising Convention, which will do much to stimulate trade and make known not only to the British public, but to the world, the value and power of advertising.

The sovereign remedy for unemployment is to sell more goods. If we fail we may as well put up the shutters; but failure should be expunged from the vocabulary of the nation which won the war.



Sir Charles Higham

Charity Ballot Swindles

THE charity ballot makes an alluring appeal. Such schemes should be safeguarded against fraud

by VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD

EVERY Englishman loves a "flutter." The prize competition of skill is one of the few forms in which the law allows him to exercise this primeval instinct. The prize competition, when properly run, has also been a good friend to charities.

There have, however, been other ballots and competitions which have failed to bring any return to the charity in aid of which they were launched.

The police can safely be left to deal with cases where the promoters are clearly fraudulent and dishonest. It is not this class to which I refer in this article, but to another class of promoter altogether, whose efforts may have been perfectly well meant and entirely honest, but which have notwithstanding been disastrous from the point of view both of the charity and of the paying public.

THIS arises from disregard of a few simple rules which the British Charities Association, of which I am president, has formulated in its scheme which should be observed in all ballots and similar competitions.

The British Charities Association has been formed by men interested in hospitals and other charities, for the express purpose, amongst other things, of organising ballots in aid of charities.

Under its rules all prize money must be placed on deposit, or fully guaranteed from an independent source, before the competition starts, and a sufficient sum for initial expenses must be similarly guaranteed or deposited.

ANOTHER point is that the rules of the competition must preclude the opening of entries before the end of the competition. If such a rule is non-existent, what is to prevent a dishonest official from examining a number and arriving at an estimate of the popular vote?

Again, it is a principle of the British Charities Association that no competition must be allowed to drag on for an unreasonable time.

In any undertaking which involves the establishment of a widespread selling organisation, it is obviously impossible to announce a closing date until some indication is received that the competition is sufficiently well known. But a closing date must be announced.

The final point of importance is that a competition should be properly judged. The British Charities Association employs the most elaborate and careful methods of adjudicating its competitions.

To advertise a competition as in aid of a certain charity, when in point of fact

the charity receives only a small percentage of the proceeds, is to mislead.

It is admitted that the labourer is worthy of his hire, but nothing, in my opinion, could justify a competition being advertised on behalf of a charity where, for example, 50 per cent. of the proceeds were pocketed by a private person.

Perhaps I may add that no member of the council of the British Charities Association is paid, directly or indirectly.

Hospitals are the worst sufferers in this respect. It is so easy for the chairman of a hard-up hospital to consent to allow his name to be used in connection with a project where the hospital apparently has something to gain and nothing to lose.

UNDER the British Charities Association's scheme, any hospital on application has been given as many tickets as it wants, free of cost, and has been allowed to retain the entire proceeds of these tickets when sold for its own funds.

With such a scheme in existence, I have no hesitation in warning the readers of JOHN BULL against any competitions conducted by unknown or inexperienced persons in a manner contrary to the rules of the British Charities Association.



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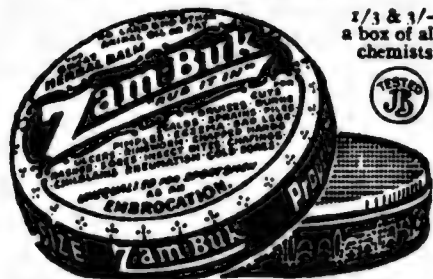
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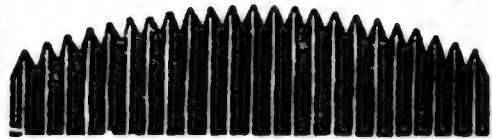
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Words Winged to Women

The Seaside Scoundrel

Open Your Daughters' Eyes

by MABEL HORNER

ONE day a captain commanding a northern regiment said to me, "There are two pretty girls positively haunting my camp. I have spoken to them once or twice. They are so young, but they seem to have no friends who care. Can you do anything for them?" I said I could. I told him I knew of good women who would take the two into a real home, who would not preach at them, but with true motherly insight and sympathy do all in their power to give them a fresh start in life.

I left with the Army officer my own address, and told him to persuade the girls to come and see me, that over a cup of tea we might discuss plans, and so I might let them see there was some one who "cared."

They never came. They drifted away from the ken of the man who, because he had daughters of his own, felt troubled—drifted to another town, to finish up—where? It is a question that haunts me yet, and I have no answer. Because of that, and because of the terrible frequency with which our souls are harrowed by stories of lost—and even murdered—girls, I feel this policy of "drift" in regard to girls is one that all thinking women ought to tackle.

Begin at home

Are the murders preventable? Is the pitiful number of girls driven to seek their living on the streets to go on in never-ending procession? At least while girls are young, and still at home with their parents, something could and ought to be done.

So let us begin by speaking perfectly plainly.

There is no feature of modern life that

would more astonish the mothers of a bygone generation than the extraordinary freedom allowed the modern girl in her companionship with men. Facing the situation squarely, we must see the good, as well as the bad, in this.

Latch-key liberty

Girls to-day are free of timidity and self-consciousness; they are bound to call self-reliance to their aid and face the world fearlessly in their daily battle for a living. Sometimes the girl is the chief breadwinner of the family, and most girls, at any rate, have to earn their own living.

In shop, factory, or office, they must meet and work with men on an equal footing, and anything like timidity or shyness would be foolish and out of place.

The business girl with her independent, fearless outlook on life is a distinctly modern product and as such greatly to be admired. In such relationships, at any rate, it would be as foolish as impossible to go back to the manners and standards of other days.

But when we come to the "latchkey girl," and her free and easy way of forming indiscriminate friendships, our ground is less certain. Interference with individual liberty is strongly resented and



Mrs. Bramwell Booth, S.A., whose rescue work among women is world renowned

even a mother may do more harm than good unless she is extremely tactful.

The housing shortage, with its consequent overcrowding, has accentuated the problem and made it increasingly difficult for young people to bring their friends home, which is the best method of all for securing safety. However, where there's a will there's a way, and mothers who feel deeply the terrible tragedies that fill our criminal courts with horror, and all the result of forming undesirable friendships, will try by sympathy and understanding to keep their daughters' confidence, and insist upon getting to know something of the friends their girls are making.

Lastly, since the holidays are now begun girls themselves must be strongly warned against making, at the sea-side and elsewhere, indiscriminate friendships with men of whom they know nothing.

Unless a man can produce credentials, and is willing to let a girl's parents know all about himself and his family, and allow them to meet, he is better kept at arm's length.

Tragic reality

It is through neglecting this simple rule of waiting for responsible introductions that so many girls too late discover the man they thought a fascinating friend to be little better than a fiend. It is laxity that leads to bitter disillusionment, loss of character, even death.

In this connection, more than any other, prevention is better than cure. It is absolutely imperative that mothers should once again take up responsibility towards the friendships their girls are forming. Then the tragic drift of young victims towards ruin, or death, might cease.

The Woman's Corner

Need Women Always Pay?

A Struggle for Position, Then—Loneliness

A WOMAN reader takes me into her confidence and her story will find an echo in so many hearts that I repeat it, almost in full. She says, "I am forty-two years of age, and have been married for twenty years. We began life, my husband and I, by managing a tiny grocery shop in the country. I say managing, because at that time we had not a penny of capital to start anything of our own.

"The shop did not do much trade, and as we were paid more or less on commission, you may guess what life was like. I did all the cleaning and book-keeping, working early and late. In fact, I slaved. Then a small family began to arrive, and still I struggled on with all the housework and such help as I could give in the shop. Of course this did not suit my husband, who was, and still is, good to me, but there was no help for it.

"He added a small coal agency to his activities, and things began to move. He did well, but for several years my work was just harder than ever, because I had to keep both home and shop going in his many absences.

"LATER, we left the shop and moved into a private house, but I then had all the children growing up around me, and was kept harder at work than ever—in fact I never knew what a minute's leisure was, because we were both determined that the children should have a better start in life than that we had, and sending the

ANY and every question that affects women will be dealt with here by Margaret Donaldson. For every letter that appears we will pay half-a-guinea. Send your troubles along to Margaret Donaldson.

three of them, two boys and a girl, to good schools meant real sacrifice.

"To cut a long story short, we are now in easy circumstances, the children are back at home with a better education and different tastes from my own, and I seem out of everything. Even my husband does not consult me about his present affairs.

"I AM very lonely, and often cry when I am alone. It does seem a poor return for all my years of labour and sacrifice, does it not? I really think my own children, from being brought up in better society, look down on me. What would you advise me to do?"

Well, dear "Reader from Huddersfield" (I hope you will recognise yourself under this description), I advise you, as I have advised many other women in similar circumstances, not to use your new and unaccustomed leisure by sitting down and becoming morbid-minded.

You do not tell me so, but I can readily guess that even your clothes are neglected, and you are content to go about in "any old thing" while you

pinch and contrive to keep your family up to the mark.

It is a mistake. Even where every penny has to be carefully calculated before it is spent it is a mistake. But in your case I gather there is now no need for such rigid economy. Possibly, your daughter never dreams that you care. How often I hear girls say, "Mother is quite contented to look after the home and dad. But I do wish she'd make herself look a bit smarter."

AS to your husband not taking you into his confidence about his present concerns, are you quite sure you have not given him cause also to imagine, now the struggle is over, you would rather not be bothered? I cannot, and will not, believe that a good wife who has stuck by her husband's side through thick and thin, is either forgotten or given second place in his heart.

You are still young, only forty-two! Turn right round, and let children and husband see that everything that affects their welfare is still of prime importance to you. Bring yourself up to date as far as you can. This will be the greatest sacrifice of all, for we women like our customary ways, and forget that we must always be viewing ourselves as others see us.

Try my plan, and then write again. I am always glad to hear from women on any subject connected with the welfare of children or the home.



The Major.

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A Mother's Downfall

Ex-Convict's Secret—Marriageable Age—Risky Sympathy

"MY wife's mother is a widow. She was left comfortably well off, and at present she is sharing our home, my wife being her only daughter. We could be very happy together but for her periodical bouts of drinking.

"Ordinarily amiable enough, when she is in liquor she has a very nasty temper. Her only son is living in America, and every month he sends her a certain sum of money. As soon as she receives this she wastes it all in drink, indulging in orgies which last about a fortnight.

"During these periods she mixes with a very objectionable class of people, who flock round her while the money lasts, and my home becomes more like a public-house than anything else. In her cups my mother-in-law hurls all sorts of abuse at my head and makes scandalous suggestions regarding my wife which have not the slightest foundation in fact.

"MY wife promised her father, who knew of her mother's alcoholic tendency, that she would give her a home and do everything possible to help her, and I cannot bear the thought of turning her adrift, yet something must be done to stay her downfall. We have thought of putting her in an institution, but it is very difficult to do so.

"Worst of all, the money she squanders in this way is sent to her by her son to be saved for him. She has her own banking account, but she does not draw upon it to satisfy her craving for drink. When she has spent his remittance she sobers up and promises to reform, but she breaks out again each month, and I dread the arrival of the transatlantic mail.

"Do you think I should tell her son what is going on? I am sure he will be dismayed when he returns to this country to find that his savings have been dissipated in this way, and he may blame me for not exercising more control over his mother, though I am quite powerless in the matter, all my efforts to reform her ending in failure and a renewed torrent of abuse. Please advise us. It is terrible to have to witness a mother's downfall and to feel unable to avert it."

"Humanist" says:—*Your problem is, indeed, a distressing one. In the Channel Islands it could be solved by applying to the court to appoint a curator on the ground that your relative is incapable through addiction to drink of administering her own affairs, but there is no such law in this country. You can only try to persuade her in her sober mind to enter an institution voluntarily. You should certainly acquaint the son with the sad state of affairs.*

"TWO years ago I met and married an ex-convict. He has kept straight for my sake, and I am now the mother of a lovely baby boy. My husband has turned out to be one of the best of men. He does everything that a man could possibly do to make me happy, and I have no reason to regret the risk I took in marrying him.

A Buried Past

"When he was courting me he told me everything about his past, and we agreed that it should remain buried between us. What is worrying me now is the fact that my family know nothing of his record, and I am afraid that they may hear of it, and alter in their attitude towards us.

"They are very good to us, but I do not know how they would take the revelation of his past wrongdoing. They are the sort of people whose sense of respectability might be deeply injured

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

by the knowledge that their daughter had married a jail-bird, but keeping the matter secret is a great load on my mind, and I would like to be relieved of it.

"My husband is quite willing to tell them all about it, but he, too, fears that they may cut us off, as it were. Do please advise us, Humanist, as to what we should do."

"Humanist" says:—*Tell them. Your husband seems to have behaved so well since he married you that unless your parents are devoid of all human feeling they will do all they can to encourage him rather than throw his past up in his face. If they feel otherwise, their respectability is a sham and a disgrace.*

"I AM married and have two children. My husband was one of the vast army of unemployed until recently, when he obtained work that takes him to another town for long periods at a time.

Debt and Dishonour

"We have been glad on several occasions while he was unable to earn anything to accept financial assistance from an acquaintance of his, who has helped us out of many a difficulty when we did not know which way to turn in our troubles.

"We naturally feel very grateful, but since my husband has been away from home the manners of this 'friend in need' have become disturbingly familiar, and he visits the house so frequently that I am often tempted to wish we had never seen him. The mere fact of his coming here so much more often than he did when my husband was at home is already giving food for the local gossips, who are beginning to carry tales to my husband's people.

"I know that I am young and attractive, but this only makes matters worse in the eyes of some people, who seem to consider it a sin for a woman to take a pride in her personal appearance.

"I have tried to make this unwelcome visitor see how unpleasant his attentions are, but he simply laughs and affects to believe that I am not serious, and each time he comes I have greater trouble to keep him at a distance.

"I am afraid if I mentioned the matter to my husband he would throw up his job immediately and come home so as to protect me. I am naturally anxious to avoid that, for work is scarce, and we have suffered enough privation in the past. Can you suggest a way out?"

"Humanist" says:—*First of all, cut the ground from under the gossips' feet by explaining all the circumstances to your husband's people yourself. Your husband may have a male relative who will know how to deal with this cad who is trying to make your debt a means to your dishonour. If not, warn your unwelcome visitor that if he persists you will request the police to compel him to stay away.*

"I AM twenty-two years of age. Four years ago, while on holiday, I met an attractive young girl. We found we had tastes in common, and we have since kept up a most enjoyable regular correspondence, not writing namby-pamby love letters, you understand, but interchanging thoughts on current topics to great mutual advantage, and eventually we became engaged.

The Right Age to Marry

"Lately, I must confess that my love is not the same as it was. I have a sincere affection for the girl as a friend, but nothing more. Recently my ideas were reinforced by reading the following words from a prominent psychologist:

"At twenty-two, while you are capable of the strongest feeling and the most clamant wants, you have not yet found yourself, nor reached a mental balance, a maturity of judgment, a knowledge of yourself or of the world, which would entitle you to make a decision of life-long import. It is a fortunate, and not an unfortunate, thing that a man as a rule is not financially equal to the responsibilities of marrying until he has reached or passed the age of thirty, because it is not till then that he becomes mentally adult."

"What should I do, Humanist?" "Humanist" says:—*In the main, I agree with the opinion you have quoted. In your case, it is clearly your duty to explain your feelings to the girl and postpone marriage until the conclusion of your college career.*

Lucky Man!

"I am a motor-driver, earning £2 15s. a week. My fiancée has many opportunities with men in a much better position. Do you think it is fair of me, seeing that I have very poor prospects, to hold her to her engagement?"

"Humanist" says:—*If the girl loves you and is willing to sacrifice more advantageous offers for your sake, you are a real lucky man, and are to be congratulated upon having won the affection of such a loyal helpmate. Leave it to her to decide.*

A Lonely Husband

"I am a single girl, and am much attached to a man whose wife is an inmate of an institution for incurables. Do you think I wrong her by being continually in his company? I know my sympathy makes his lonely life more bearable, and I can't see what harm is done."

"Humanist" says:—*I do not think you wrong the wife, but you should consider whether it is wise for you to devote your whole attention to a man who may not be free to remarry for many years.*

A Silly Superstition

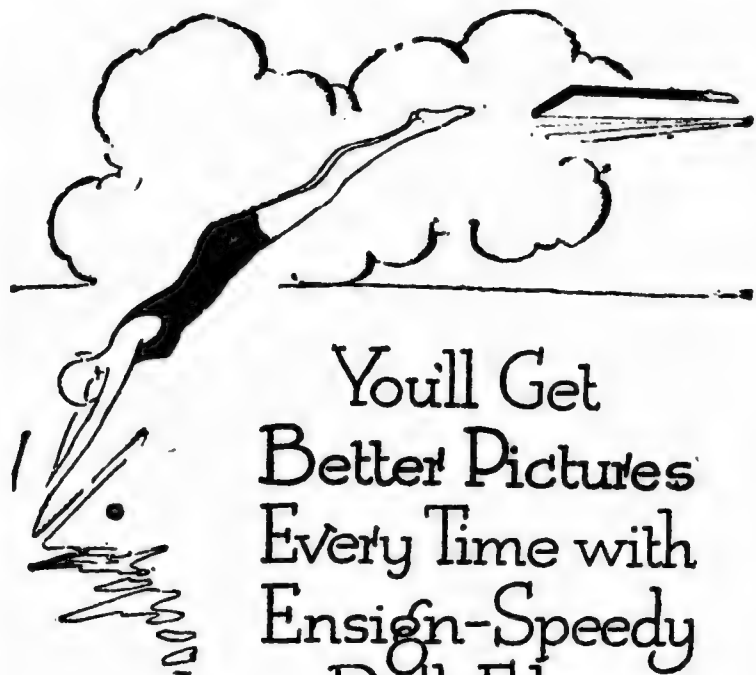
"I am afflicted with a disgusting birthmark. I have been told that it will disappear if the hand of a dead person is laid upon it. Is this true, or is there any other cure?"

"Humanist" says:—*The idea you mention is simply a silly superstition. Write to the Radium Institute, Rivington House Street, W.1.*

Love that Waned

"I am engaged to a soldier serving abroad whom I have not seen for four years. He will soon be coming home and expecting me to marry him, but I cannot, as I find I no longer love him. How can I get out of it?"

"Humanist" says:—*There is only one way—to explain to him frankly that your love has waned and ask him to release you.*



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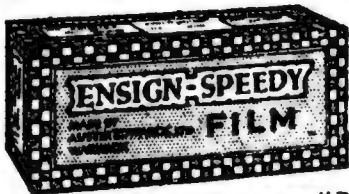
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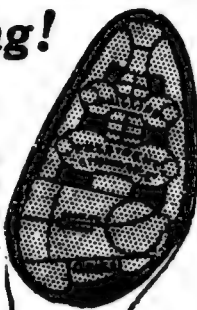
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Our Letter Parliament

Give Employers the "Dole"

Dangerous Quacks—Prisons or Missions—Blind Justice

A Ray of Sense

Through the cloud of words arising from the unemployment evil there shines one ray of practical sense—the idea of subsidising employers with the dole. But a warning note must be sounded. Let not the Bill sanctioning this be one through which a horse and cart may pass. Employers must be prevented from sending men on the dole in order to re-employ them more cheaply.—*Prevention, Monmouth.*

Wasted Training

Sir Alfred Mond's cure for unemployment by the State subsidising industry is well worth a trial. It is time something was done. I know several men who have spent twelve months or more at training centres, and who at the end were told to sign on at the labour exchange until something turned up. What is the use of training these men if that is to be the end?—*W. F., Wakefield.*

Doleful Dole

How many people know the difference between what they call dole and unemployment insurance benefit? The latter is a genuine scheme, and benefit is properly payable to the genuinely unemployed, in the same way as fire or other benefits are paid. The dole is altogether different, and the sooner it is abolished the better for every one, except those who will not work.—*Civil Servant, Lincs.*

Industry Demoralised

There is something to be said for Sir Alfred Mond's scheme—which, by the way, is not his, for it was suggested to the Government in 1921, and turned down. After all, it is only a palliative, like the dole. Demoralise industrial captains—as you will by removing from them the necessity for standing on their own feet—take away from them the necessity to exercise their wits to make their business pay, and the end, industrially, is in sight.—*T. F. W., Preston.*

Choked by Red Tape

The cure for unemployment advocated by Sir Alfred Mond reads like subsidising industry, the application of which would need more than the Government experts. Would all employers honour the conditions or use a subterfuge to reimburse themselves for the slump period? National enterprise might be a solution if it were possible without harassing it with the huge administration and red tape.—*Unskilled, Southsea.*

Quality Counts

If the British workman showed a real interest in his work we should have a more extensive profit-sharing system by employers than at present exists. Will any one be bold enough to say that what matters most to the present-day workman is the quality of his labour? If each workman would put a little of the craftsman's love of his art into his task, he would not merely enrich his employer, but himself as well.—*Work Well, Elgin.*

Staff Limited by Overtime

A fact which seems to be overlooked is the selfish attitude of many in regular work towards the unemployment question. There are over twelve millions engaged in work, and more than one million who are not, so that the odds are about 12 to 1 against all the time. In the present state of industry those in employ resent any encroachment upon their preserves, and rather than recommend a man to their employers will put in many hours' overtime. Class-war is not restricted to the upper and lower grades of society.—*Ily. Wood, Bristol.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Bad Habit

Unemployment has become a habit in this country. Co-operation is its only salvation. If the Government cannot solve the question they should invite suggestions from members of the great army of unemployed, who are perhaps a little more desperate than our politicians.—*Sufferer, Cardiff.*

Insurance Barred

Men who cultivate the land are not allowed to insure against unemployment. The result is that the majority work for small wages with long hours, knowing that half a loaf is better than no bread. The employer, aware of this, can force his own terms. Surely, a trade so vital should be given better encouragement by the Government.—*H. East, Surrey.*

Cheap Girl Labour

The slowness with which youths nowadays are absorbed into industry is appalling. The girl is willing and cheap, and has marriage in view; but the boy demands more, and is more difficult to place. Of course, most girls must earn, but it too often damages the boys. It boomerangs back on the girls when would-be husbands are careerless.—*Grateful, N.W.*

Quacks who Ruin

Whether psycho-analysis be held useful or useless, there is no doubt that hundreds of lives have been ruined or nearly ruined by designing and ignorant quacks, who have used their so-called powers to extract money from their victims and sometimes their honour as well. Many high medical authorities regard the treatment (even at its best) as utterly futile and sometimes dangerous.—*P.B., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"KENTISH TIMES" (advert.):—"Wanted, boy for house and gardens; good wages to SUITABLE LADY."

"NORTH WILTS HERALD":—"Applicants must be SINGLE WIDOWS without encumbrances."

"WEST MIDDLESEX TIMES":—"It is fortunate there were NO BUILDINGS near by... the cause of the outbreak can very likely be put down to a SPARK from a NEAR-BY CHIMNEY."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"Mr. W. H. — WAS DAMAGED, and had to be TOWED to the Great North Road where he halted to make sure of his whereabouts."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Fancy shoes, one bar and button, Louis heels. USUALLY 16s. 11d.; SALE PRICE 18s. PER PAIR."

"DAILY MIRROR" (serial):—"Her head was so close to his that he could FEEL the marvellous PERFUME of her hair."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"He went into the EMPTY cow-house, and FOUR YOUNG CALVES licked the hand he held down to them."

"STAR":—"Country applications received by FIRST POST to-morrow NIGHT will be considered."

"EVENING NEWS":—"He could make no impression on the LEADER who was BEATEN A LENGTH."

Prison Torture-chambers

The exposure of the treatment of women convicts reads more like an account of the prison system of the Middle Ages. The conditions under which these unfortunates exist constitute an ironic retort to the claim that reformation is the slogan of Britain's penal system. Our prisons should be more akin to missions than to torture-chambers.—*Imagination, Inverness.*

Dust and Disease

It would appear that the Borough Councils, in the interest of health, should take steps as to the collecting of refuse and dust. The dustman takes the lidless dustbins through the houses, regardless of how much disease may be spread. It should be compulsory for all dust carts to have sliding tops. It is usual to see refuse blown from the top of the cart, spreading disease.—*Preventative, London.*

Pure Food

It may interest your readers to know that the Glasgow Corporation Health Committee have issued a leaflet on protection of food to housewives, through the medium of school children. This leaflet contains suggestions on the proper methods of handling and protecting tinned and other foodstuffs, and might well be copied by other municipalities.—*Housewife, Glasgow.*

International C.I.D.

Not until we have an international police service will we be able to check such evils as the white-slave traffic, dope traffic, and international criminals of all classes. Nothing is more urgently required than a complete world's police web, operating in every country under a supreme police chief. The present method of "advising" a foreign police department is not sufficient.—*P. U. G., Eastleigh.*

A Lord's Letter

Some time ago a party wrote to the late Lord Leverhulme asking permission to go through his grounds at Rivington in Bolton. In a letter granting permission, he wrote: "If it gives your friends half the pleasure in going through the grounds that it gives me in giving permission I shall be more than satisfied." If that isn't one form of love for his fellow man, it is next door to it, and that is something.—*J. H., Bolton.*

Gas, Women and War

What a pity everybody could not be made to read the articles by Dr. Addison and Lady Alys Deverell. A State that really wants permanent world peace should teach peace, and one way of doing it would be to expose to the public gaze the actual poison gas experiments on dumb animals, and the actual wounds sustained by mothers' sons in the last war. Few realise the enormity of horror until they are brought face to face with it.—*F. Francis, Ramsgate.*

Elect our J.P.s

In rural districts, justices who are landowners or farmers are often more disposed to deal severely with a poacher than with a man who ill-treats an animal or neglects his children, and there is a difference in the attitude of some benches to a wealthy man and a poor man. We want democratic justice. The adults in each Petty Sessional Division ought to be able to elect men and women for a term of three years to carry out the important and responsible duties of justices.—*Observer, Norfolk.*

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Motoring for the Million

Wireless and the Car

by MOTOMAC

LISTENING-IN has become more
than a habit. It has grown
into our lives in such a fashion
that we miss it as we would a meal.

Motorists, as a whole, have not troubled
much about it. Their pastime is to eat
miles. Some people have had wireless
fitted to their limousines as an experi-
ment, but they have to be good cars,
for clear reception is impossible with
the vibration of the ordinary bus.

WHEN the motorist is indulging in that
very popular recreation, a motor pic-
nic, there is no trouble.

Wireless apparatus is getting more
efficient and more compact with every
day that passes. Frame aërials can be
attached to the car, but better results
are undoubtedly obtained by the ordinary
aerial. This can be fixed up easily
by the wayside. Tie a spanner to the
end of a piece of string, and throw it over
a fairly high branch in the nearest tree,
haul up the aerial and the job is done.

For a picnic party a loud-speaker is
essential. A portable Amplion can be
obtained, which, being collapsible, goes
into small space when not in use.

Small portable receivers—Ediswan
taking up no more room than a good-
sized camera—are the thing for outdoor
reception.

If the picnic be only for two, and in
youth such things are known, head-
phones can take the place of the loud-
speaker. Like much other wireless
apparatus, these are getting cheaper.
Gecophones have been reduced to 20s.
a pair, and Imperial super light-weights
can be obtained for 12s. 6d.

If headphones are being used and the
venue of the picnic be within a few miles of
a station, an ordinary crystal set may be
all that is required. To make up for any
deficiency caused by temporary aërials
the most sensitive type of crystal should
be used. The Neutron is particularly
good. A novel device is the R.I. Per-
manent Detector. This is a combination
of one rare mineral with another and
gives really excellent results.

ANOTHER phase of motoring holiday
which will become more popular
owing to the wireless is that of caravan-
ing. It used to be possible only for
the well-to-do, but nowadays caravans
fully equipped which can be safely hauled
with any 10-h.p. car can be hired at
rates which compare very favourably
with sea-side boarding establishments.

When solitude palls, as it sometimes
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Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in
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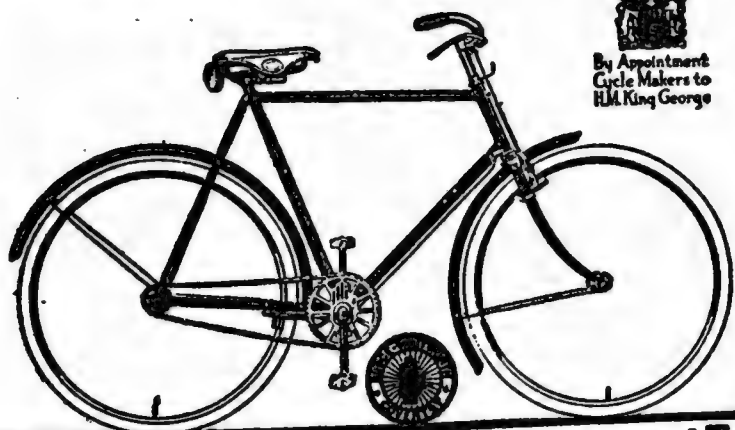
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Derby Failures to Follow

Epsom and After—Man o' War's Feats—The Most Successful Jockey

EPSOM on Derby day can be the most glorious spot in the world. That is when the sun is shining and, what is more important, you have backed the big winner.

When the tap is turned on, as it was last week, and you can see your money is lost a long way from home, Epsom is another kind of spot. However, I suppose we must accept the bitters with the sweets. Captain Cuttles and Sansovino are not discovered every year or our hats wouldn't fit.

Lessons of the Race.

There are a number of the twenty-seven horses to which I wish to draw particular attention. Cross Bow will put up a better fight for the St. Leger. I am not making excuses for him, but he refused to face the rain. Note Dalmagarry for six-furlong races. He will not start at 200 to 1 for sprints. Solario and St. Becan, fourth and sixth, are certain winners before long. St. Becan was ridden desperately for a place, but could not quite manage it. Solario was also running on at the finish.

Money-making Advice.

I gave this little hint last June and, as it is one which pays, I am giving it again. For the next few weeks follow all the horses which took part in the Derby. The Epsom also runs are mostly in the pink of condition, having been keyed up to concert pitch for the Classic.

Bread from Heaven.

I have heard that many of the Eton bookmakers are suffering from writer's cramp as a result of paying out over Manna. At the beginning of the year the boys received a calendar with a Biblical reference above each day. "Manna, bread from heaven," was written above Derby Day.

Owners' and Trainers' Selections.

Most of the big bookmakers would be taking tickets for Bedlam if the Derby settling had worked out in accordance with the views expressed at the Derby Press Club luncheon. The race would have resulted in a dead-heat of six horses. Happily for the layers, owners and trainers are not wise prophets.

Mr. H. E. Morris gave Manna—Finished 1st.

Lord Derby gave Conquistador—Finished 20th.

Mr. P. Gilpin gave Cross Bow—Finished 7th.

Sir Charles Hyde gave Dignity—Finished 12th.

Mr. R. G. Dawson gave Zionist—Finished 2nd.

Sir George Bullough gave St. Becan—Finished 6th.

Sansovino and the Gold Cup.

Sansovino will have plenty of supporters if he competes for the Ascot Gold Cup. If he succeeds, he will be the first classic winner of any description to win the race this century.

Man o' War's Feats.

I read a very entertaining article the other day about Man o' War, the wonder horse of America, and I think some of his amazing feats are worth repeating. Man o' War is now a seven-year-old and his custodian is a Miss, known as Miz Lizzie on the farm where she breeds thoroughbreds. The horse has won twenty races in twenty-one attempts. The only time he failed he was left at the barrier. His record for the mile and a half at Belmont is 2 mins. 28.4.5 secs.—Manna won the Derby in 2 mins. 40.3.5 secs. He has earned for his owner just over £50,000, and now his boss will not sell him for love nor money. Naturally the odds against Man o' War are always cramped, and on one occasion he started at 100 to 1 on. Some horse.

The Jockey to Follow.

A reader asked me the other day to suggest a jockey whose mounts it would pay to follow. I called his attention to a paragraph I wrote about Frank Dempsey



Frank Dempsey, the latest success from Australia.

before the Australian had his first mount in this country. At the time I said I would not back Dempsey in a boxing ring but he would carry my money when he was on the back of a horse. Frank has been wonderfully successful, and a level stake of a £1 on all his mounts shows a profit of just on £10. Every other jockey of any note, including Steve, shows a loss. If you had planked down a nimble quidlet on all Beary's rides so far you would be over £80 out of pocket.

Don't Try Doubling Up.

Backing a jockey's mounts irrespective of what he rides is a weak system, as very few knights of the pigskin show a winning percentage at the end of a season. Backing a jockey on the doubling-up system, as so many mug-punters do, is just asking for trouble. Every jockey has his good spells, but sooner or later the bad run is bound to set in. Smirke's forty-five and Elliott's thirty-seven consecutive losers are two excellent examples of what can happen.

A Penny Leads to Thousands.

If you commenced the doubling-up system with a penny stake, by the time your jockey was mounting his twenty-fourth loser your stake would be over £30,000. It doesn't seem possible, but nevertheless it's true.

AFTER THE DERBY.

The rain eclipsed Solario we never saw the sun. The Weather Clerk refused to spout rain. And Flying World refused to fly and Runny-mede to run.

Whilst Ptolemy's detectives watched in vain.

St. Becan didn't shine like one, Cross Bow missed fire I fear.

Bucellas had the accent on the "sell," But Stephen took the race in hand and once the course was clear.

His winning Manna showed up very well.

A French Dodge.

Two years ago the Epinard folk ran Select in the Hunt Cup in order to get a line to English form in anticipation of Goodwood. Select is an excellent key horse, and although he did not win, his running satisfied connections that Epinard was a certainty for the Stewards Cup. They have entered the horse again, and if he runs—as he will if present

intentions are adhered to—the Epinard stunt will be repeated later on.

A Hint for Newbury.

A week or so ago I mentioned Labadens as one to back at Ascot. I know that the owner and trainer have great expectations of winning at the Royal meeting, but, in the meantime, don't overlook the fact that the gelding is treated with amazing leniency at Newbury in the Summer Cup.

Losers That Will Win Soon.

A week before the Windsor meeting I received a strong tip for Tournesol, whom I made one of my code selections for the Royal Windsor Handicap. Although he ran practically untipped he started favourite, so the information was not bad. I think if a man had been in the saddle, instead of young Marland, he would have finished nearer the winner. Colosseum, another of my code horses, should have won at headquarters. All the heads have noted him for future events. I also made a special mark against Mother's Son at Epsom. Fifty per cent. of the people in the stands and the jockey who rode the horse (Dempsey) thought he had beaten Pando. The judge gave Pando a short head verdict.

The King's Filly, Aloysia.

Aloysia, the King's filly, made a good impression at Doncaster when she won the nicely named Hopeful Stakes in a canter by half a dozen lengths. She is not another "Mumpty," but she can go. Her next race will be at Ascot when she will endeavour to present the King with the Queen Mary Stakes. I hope she succeeds.

MY DAILY NAPS.

Wednesday	CROSS BOW
Thursday	MERRIMENT
Friday	WINALOT
Saturday	AWNING

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man.

A H K W E V T F M C R P Q D

2 Y J I O X 3 G U L S N B Z
How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. I 2 S U W P R 3 O S would read WARMINSTER.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from June 3 to June 9.

Horses to Follow

SWAGMAN.—Wootton's horse was heavily backed at Epsom. I suggest that you take no notice of his defeat as he became unbalanced. The three-year-old is very fast from the gate, and is certain to win sprint races.

SOPRON.—I gave Sopron as one to follow some time ago, and I repeat the hint. He split Silver Sword and Browdie at Epsom in a splendid finish.

SANTA MINNA.—The best two-year-old seen out this season.

BIBLOS.—Gilbert trains this gelding, who popped up at Salisbury at 100 to 1. The beast is better than many people imagine. He will win again.

DEVONSHIRE.—Mrs. Bendir has not won a race with Devonshire since she purchased the colt from Dodd for 610 guineas. He should score soon.

ORIEL.—Hogg will pick up another sprint with Oriel, probably next time out. The son of Cleora won at Birmingham at 10 to 1, and ran a good race behind Waver at Epsom.

BRIDGE OF DUN.—My code selected for the Riddlesdown Selling Plate won at the nice price of 6 to 1. Bridge of Dun is very useful in selling races and should never be missed. He generally pops up at a good price.

PIRROS.—If you can get a long price about Lord Derby's horse for the Hunt Cup help yourself.

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and Sportsman
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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

G. K. D. (Chorley).—"I like fogs." We can't see much in them.

M. F. (Brighton).—"Please be brief in your reply to my letter." W.P.B.

L. T. (York).—"Cheap boots always betray themselves." Their tongues are easily loosened.

B. K. (Lowestoft).—"He has never been found out." He's the sort of man who makes the tax-collector's job easy.

N. M. (Hackney).—"The people next door are going to live in a more exclusive neighbourhood." When do you move?

J. J. (Brixton).—"Let us enjoy summer while we can." Quite so. It may be here to-day and gone in the afternoon.

P. L. (Herne Bay).—"His cat gets a pint of cream a week." The lap of luxury.

T. L. (Gore).—"The egg she gave me for breakfast must have been a year old." That's too bad.

M. R. (Middlesboro').—"In the old days, cricket teams played in shiny silk hats." Now they prefer good bowlers.

G. J. (Kennington).—"Smoking is bad for women's health." Makes them look fagged.

P. T. (Totnes).—"He is engaged to a girl of seventeen." We suppose he asked her father for his flapper's flipper.

F. A. (Caterham).—"I've bought a gas stove on the instalment system." Easy terms?

P. T. (Blackpool).—"I was wondering if you would lend me a fiver." You're not wondering. You're wandering.

F. T. (Carlisle).—"Have there ever been any miracles in Scotland?" Yes, it's a miracle that an expensive game like golf is played there.

Miss L. (New Barnet).—"A girl who marries a poor man hasn't much future before her." But she'll manage if she has plenty at her back.

Mrs. N. (Nuneaton).—"Why do people advise me always to keep awake on a railway journey." Because the train always runs over sleepers.

NELLIE (Portsmouth).—"He told tall tales about his accomplishments while I knew he couldn't do a thing." But he was obviously good at embroidery.

T. J. (Fulham).—"I like music with my meals but only when I'm alone." Very considerate of you. We hate men who make soup noises in a crowd.

P. D. (Manchester).—"After being a widower for six months I've decided to marry again." Then you'll be under entirely new management.

B. D. (Accrington).—"I saw black men at Wembley in the King's uniform." Which proves they are white men or they wouldn't be there.

S. G. (Stafford).—"Do clergymen talk in their sleep?" No, in other people's.

D. F. (Maidstone).—"I never misuse words." Then why write hash?

A. N. (Lugton).—"What do you really think of my poem?" Come, come. Why can't we remain on good terms?

G. N. C. (Taunton).—"I admit I have a bad temper." Then the best thing to do is to lose it.

T. W. (Reading).—"I've a keen sense of the ridiculous." How you must have laughed when you read over your letter!

G. M. (London, W.).—"I love the very hot days." Many people find them far too phew!

Jno. T. (Dean).—"Can a good profit be made by selling in small quantities?" On the whole, yes.

D. F. (Hatfield).—"I am an honest and truthful lawyer." Having no opposition, you should do well.

S. T. (Durham).—"My son is a future Poet Laureate." You are lucky to have so quiet a child.

B. G. (Brixton).—"Why don't wrestlers wear gloves?" They always do at the boxing contests we attend.

I. I. (Rothsay).—"Water would be the salvation of this drinking world." Your theory was disproved by the Flood.

G. F. (Birmingham).—"I am leaving a very fine record behind me." But you are still keeping the gramophone?

B. L. T. (Farnham).—"You never seem to devote any of your pages to cricket." But we play the game, bowl straight and catch out the bad players.

"SNAPSHOTS" (Stroud).—"Dark rooms are now thoughtfully provided by many eating houses." They evidently expect developments.

D. Y. (Northants).—"I am going into business to retail young dogs." If they're terriers they'll look much smarter without them.

Miss G. (Manchester).—"I am engaged to a man who is simply coining money." Take care you aren't charged with being an accessory after the fact.

A. A. (Hampstead).—"My wife serves up coffee in such a thick, muddy state I can't drink it." You appear to have grounds for complaint.

W. T. (Biggleswade).—"If a man wants to keep straight he must cultivate good friends." And weed out bad acquaintances.

J. M. (Chelsea).—"No representative of Russia is attending the International Railway Conference." Bolsheviks, we understand, are annoyed because the red flag is still regarded as the sign of danger.

D. C. (Leeds).—"I can run up a cricket score in good round numbers." O.

G. K. (Enfield).—"I once caught a fish as big as myself." What a whopper!

J. T. (Islington).—"My dentist is a gentleman." Of good extraction?

M. G. (Chorley).—"This vaccination business is enough to make a war." It ensures concentration on arms.

"FAIR PLAY" (S.E. 14).—"It is wrong for men to deceive their wives." Yes; but more often impossible.

"READER" (Walpole).—"People do write the most awful drivel these days." Then why add to their number?

"ETIQUETTE" (Streatham).—"How should one express thanks after going out to dinner?" With a good grace.

C. R. Y. (Lichfield).—"Rosy prospects spring from cheery optimism." And a black look out from a black outlook.

P. M. (Hove).—"I have a mother of eighty-seven." Best wishes to her, to you, and to your eighty-six brothers and sisters.

T. T. T. (Macclesfield).—"What is the form of marriage, exactly?" It is what comes after the sofa of engagement.

H. Y. (Norwich).—"Why is divorce so easy?" Because so many marriages are difficult.

M. P. (Finchley).—"My wife's for ever singing praises of her first husband." Doesn't it make you sigh to be him?

ESTELLE (Bentham).—"I'd like to compose a song with a good 'John Bull for ever!' refrain." Please do refrain.

T. P. (Clerkenwell).—"The coal trade complains that business is slack." Householders say the same thing about the coal.

V. P. (Plymouth).—"The photographer asked me if I would like a Scotch-and-soda." The new way of saying, "Smile, please."

G. N. (Hampton).—"Why are gasometers painted red?" One might just as well ask, "Why are there Clydeside politicians?"

G. M. (Kentish Town).—"When I saw him outside the public-house he couldn't walk." Were his boots too tight for him or was it the other way about?

F. O. (Castleton).—"I never dance with a man I don't know." You are wise. Though some people are equally wise in not dancing with people they do know.

G. M. (Glasgow).—"Owing to a collision in the street, thirty-two gallons of milk were spilt." Cats in the neighbourhood would doubtless do an astonishing number of laps to the minute.

A Word in Your Ear

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For a moment or so.
If you're finding life drear,
Buy this week's *Passing Show*—
The paper that's known far and wide
As a tonic for making smiles grow.

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"COMMON sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom," said Coleridge. Many of the problems of life which appear extremely difficult are capable of a simple solution if they are calmly examined in the light of sound common sense. Often your perplexity may seem insoluble because, so to speak, you cannot see the wood for trees. Some detail has assumed exaggerated proportions in your mind and obscured your mental vision.

The experts who conduct *JOHN BULL'S* Free Advice Service are enabled, by their wide experience, to sift the essentials of everyday difficulties and examine perplexities in a dispassionate and disinterested manner. If you are worried about anything, no matter what, tell us the trouble, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and we will give you the best advice obtainable.

G. T. (Cambridge).—"My fiancée has a perfect passion for little puppies." She must be very, very fond of you.

N. J. (Holborn).—"I had a season for the Southern Railway but it expired." Like most seasons it died of old age.

A. L. D. (Portsmouth).—"These are my theories after being ashore two years." But you're still all at sea.

PERCY (Liverpool).—"You cannot say lying is one of my vices." We don't; it's one of your howling successes.

BESSIE (Dorking).—"I always keep my boy's last letter in a pocket on my belt." That's making waist paper of it.

J. L. (Sudbury).—"He had a fine old house but sold it for £50,000." That's a noble pile.

G. J. (Mayfair).—"Could I interest you in a new saucepan I have invented?" You certainly would look amusing in it.

W. B. (Essendine).—"I sleep like a top every day." Whereas other Government officials spin not neither do they toil.

JEAN McC. (Ayr).—"Many Scotsmen are visiting Wembley this year." There's no need to discourage the stallholders by letting them know.

A. A. L. (Newpark).—"A man's a fool to boast about his income." Particularly if he does so on the official form provided for the purpose.

E. B. L. (Chelsea).—"An artist without a pencil or brush is useless." Nevertheless he can always draw upon his imagination.

"MOTORIST" (Denton).—"I opened the engine full out, and was nearly killed." In fact by letting her rip, you were nearly R.I.P.

BERTIE T. (Bond Street).—"I'm in charge of sixteen mannequins—soft job, eh?" You certainly seem to be something of a figure-head.

W. W. (Motherwell).—"The prophets say we are going to have a warm summer, but I don't believe it." Probably just hot air!

F. J. NORTON (67, Brookfield Avenue, Walthamstow).—"My *Bullets* £1,000 is a very pleasant surprise." You'll soon have a brother in success—there's another £1,000 offered this week.

A. F. (Keswick).—"Is it unlucky for an angler to count his fish?" We should say not! It is lucky for him to have any fish to count!

A. McT. (Glasgow).—"In the Highlands men still hunt deer." And in both highlands and lowlands deers still hunt men.

G. L. (Darlington).—"I have neither wife, sweetheart, nor any prospect of matrimony." So you write to us to celebra your good luck.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



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and one match have formed many a
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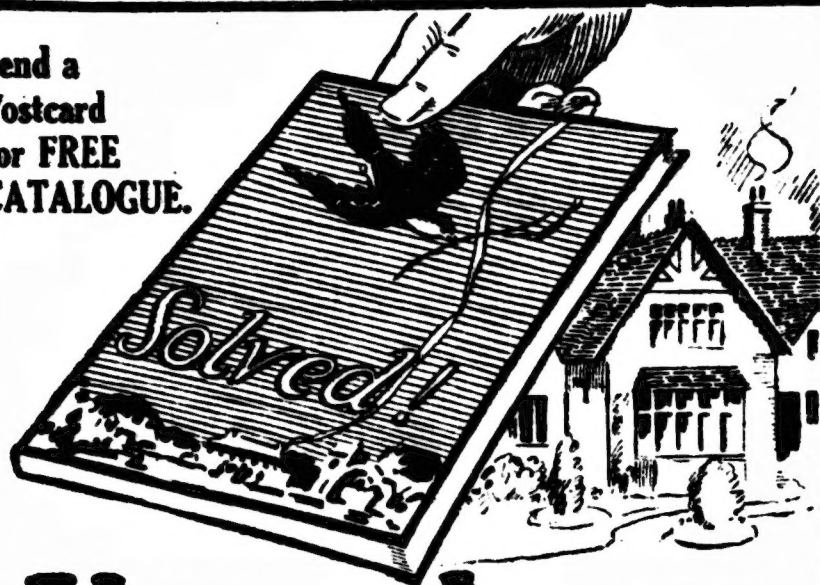
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The solution of Cross-words No. 17, which was published in our issue of May 23. The prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.



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I feel it my duty to write to you to say what great benefit I have derived from wearing it. It is so comfortable and so well adapted for the purpose that one is not conscious of the fact that he is actually wearing a belt.

I have found it so excellent in every way that I procured similar belts for several friends, and they are all loud in their praises of it, and, like myself, they will continue to use it.

You are quite at liberty to use both my testimonial and name, and I shall always recommend your Appliance to any one who I know is in need of such, as your Appliance deserves every praise.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ALEX. McLEOD

Cured in 7 Months.

Lissett, Lowthorpe, E. Yorks.

I am completely cured, and have not worn your Appliance for a year. I have been in the Army eight months, and have not felt my rupture, so I can truly say that after wearing your Appliance for seven months I am completely cured. I have advised my friends who have the same trouble to try the same. You may use this as you like.—Thanking you for my cure, yours truly,

HARRY MARSHALL

Boy Cured—also Grandfather, 81.

Gaugh, Cabrach, by Rhynie, Banffs.

I must say that your Appliance has proved the greatest comfort to our boy. He is perfectly cured, and does not need it now, and we cannot thank you enough. Also, his grandfather, 81, is cured, and can also do without the appliance. You can use this as a testimonial.

ALEX. GORDON.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Comfortable and Happy—Cured.

Jura Forest, Jura, Argyll.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know how comfortable and happy I have been ever since I started to wear your wonderful Appliance. I can get about my work without the least inconvenience; and when I think of what I suffered whilst wearing a truss, I cannot speak too highly of your excellent invention. I am now completely cured.

You have my permission to use my letter, and I should be very pleased if I should be the means of helping to convince any poor sufferer of the benefit and comfort to be derived through wearing your Appliance.

(Mrs.) DUNCAN CARMICHAEL.

Made a New Woman of Me.

127, Manchester Road, Clifton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has made a new woman of me, as I have not been troubled by my rupture since wearing it. It has acted like a miracle, as I had no pleasure in life, and only wish I had sent for it earlier. Will strongly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful invention. We thank you with all our hearts for easing our suffering. Make whatever use you like of this letter.

(Mrs.) E. VALENTINE.

Straightforward Dealing.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for 14 months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. I shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance.

A. BROWN.

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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

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